

THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES }
VOLUME LXV. }

No. 3674 December 5, 1914

} FROM BEGINNING
VOL. CCLXXXIII.

CONTENTS

I. Turkey and the War. <i>By Sir Edwin Pears.</i>	CONTEMPORARY REVIEW	579
II. Belgium in War. A Record of Personal Experiences. <i>By J. H. Whitehouse.</i>	NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER	590
III. Below Stairs. <i>By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick.</i> Chapters XXVI. and XXVII. (To be concluded.)		598
IV. Ode to War. <i>By Laurence Binyon.</i>	FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW	607
V. Popular Poetry. <i>By Walter de la Mare.</i>	EDINBURGH REVIEW	609
VI. The Empire Clock.—1871. <i>Translated from the French of Alphonse Daudet by E. Storer.</i>	WESTMINSTER GAZETTE	618
VII. The Irish and the War. <i>By Katharine Tynan.</i>	NEW WITNESS	621
VIII. America's Part in the Settlement.	NATION	624
IX. Between the Devil and the Deep Sea. <i>By J. Ellis Barker.</i>	OUTLOOK	627
X. Emile Verhaeren: The Poet of Belgium and of Europe. <i>By Francis Bickley.</i>	BOOKMAN	630
XI. On Feeling Fit.	NATION	633
XII. The Firing Line.	SATURDAY REVIEW	635

A PAGE OF VERSE

XIII. Immortality. <i>By A. E.</i>		578
XIV. Prayer Before War. <i>By W. G. Hole.</i>	DUBLIN REVIEW	578
BOOKS AND AUTHORS.		637



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,

6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

FOR SIX DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, THE LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage, to any part of the United States. To Canada the postage is 50 cents per annum.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office or express money order if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, express and money orders should be made payable to the order of THE LIVING AGE CO.

Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

IMMORTALITY.

We must like smoke or live with-
 in the spirit's fire;
 For we can no more than smoke unto
 the flame return
 If our thought has changed to dream,
 our will unto desire,
 As smoke we vanish though the
 fire may burn.

Lights of infinite pity star the gray
 dusk of our days:
 Surely here is soul: with it we have
 eternal breath:
 In the fire of love we live, or pass by
 many ways,
 By unnumbered ways of dream to
 death.

A. E.

PRAYER BEFORE WAR.

AUGUST, 1914.

Lord God, ere yet our drums are rolled,
 Kneeling before Thine awful throne,
 We pray that us-ward as of old
 Thy favoring mercies may be
 shown—
 We who too often filled with pride
 Have in our hearts Thy power de-
 nied
 And trusted to ourselves alone.

Thou hast been gracious unto us,
 And stood as guardian at our gate;
 Steadied us on the perilous
 High path of our imperial fate;
 Yet when have we, our faults in
 view,
 With fear searched out and
 striven to do
 The work for which Thou mad'st
 us great?

Have we not, rather, turned aside
 Well knowing the right to do the
 wrong?
 How hast Thou, tolerant of our pride,
 Borne with our rebel hearts so long,
 And spared us who, as crowning
 sin,
 Have deemed that strength our
 own wherein
 Our feet were firm, our hands were
 strong?

Rich altars have we raised to Thee
 And fruits and fatlings on them
 laid,
 Well satisfied that men should see
 And marvel at our vain parade;
 But that one only sacrifice
 Which Thou, O God! wilt not
 despise—
 A contrite heart—we have not made.

And now when war confounds the
 world
 On Thy strong arm we fain would
 lean:
 Our flags ere this have been unfurled
 To ends that Thou hast sorrowing
 seen:
 Remember not that we of old
 Too oft unblessed by Thee were
 bold,
 For, see, to-day our hands are clean.

Wherefore Thy help and strength we
 seek
 In this fierce quarrel upon us thrust,
 For, save Thou stand beside us, weak
 Are we although our cause is just:
 Thou know'st how hard for peace
 we strove,
 That without wrath e'en now we
 move
 And do but fight because we must.

Nor less, because aroused by wrong
 And cries of far distress we go
 In the great name of Freedom strong
 To grapple with a ruthless foe,
 Thy guidance we beseech, for Thou,
 To whom in armor girt we bow,
 Alone to what we march dost know

The day of trial is come—the day
 So long foreseen, so fraught with
 fate;
 With troubled hearts once more we
 pray
 (Remembering Thee, ah, not too
 late!)
 That Thou for all our faults of
 will,
 Our pride, our greed, wilt hold us
 still
 To Thy great purpose dedicate.

W. G. Hole.

The Dublin Review.

TURKEY AND THE WAR.

Since the end of July last, Turkey has been in a condition of unrest, of feverish excitement and general confusion. The unrest is due to our ignorance of what is likely to happen here. The position has changed every few days. The pendulum has swung now in the direction of war and then back to neutrality. Wars and rumors of wars in which Turkey is to join have worried us. Even before September the belief had become widespread that the influence of the host of Germans who had been sent here in August would compel the Turks to take sides with their country. Most British subjects who could find the means sent away their womenfolk, mistakenly urged thereto by what they wrongfully regarded as the necessities of the situation. Yet the position here is not altogether comfortable. The price of provisions has largely increased. Money is held back by the banks. Business is at a standstill. A moratorium was proclaimed on August 1st, and afterwards extended to two months. One pound notes were authorized by the Government, and practically all cash payments have ceased. The banks refuse to pay more than a small percentage on money deposited with them, and there is a general upsetting of all commercial arrangements. The Italian war and that in the Balkans had caused the country to suffer severely in men and money. Turkey required peace. Her trade and commerce had received many blows; shopkeepers could not meet their engagements and a host of bankruptcies were generally predicted.

At the commencement of August when all Europe engaged in war, Turkey was neutral. Yet the Turks called up every available man for the army. This was a still heavier blow

on the population; for the crops were not gathered in. Many of them rotted in the field. The supposed exigencies of the Government added force to the blow, for although Turkey was not at war, in order to obtain food for Constantinople and the army, not only was the exportation of cereals from the country forbidden, but cargoes of grain and coal on board British ships were seized by the Government. The edict forbidding export was probably wise, but the commandeering of cargoes of maize, barley, and other cereals on board British ships destroyed confidence. Its immediate effect was to prevent nearly a hundred grain-laden vessels in the Black Sea and the lower Danube from coming into the Bosphorus. There is abundance of grain in Anatolia, for last year's harvest and that of this year were good, but the Turkish peasants refused to take their cereals to the railway stations or to the neighborhood of ports. Most of them, of course, wanted to sell their crops, but believed, and not without justification, that as soon as they reached the station they would be immediately commandeered by the agents of the Government and in return they would only receive a written acknowledgment with a promise of payment at an unfixed date. The intention of the Government here also was good: the result mischievous. Stagnation of business was intensified.

During the long period of anxiety as to what was likely to happen, Europeans asked each other what is the Government doing? Has it any fixed intention? The cynic would answer that its intention is to retain office, and, of course, he would be right; but he might also answer truthfully that Turkey wished in the present imbroglio to be ready for any emergency.

The same man would probably admit that until the end of July the Government had continued in the path of useful reforms; it had remodelled the streets of Constantinople, and had enacted or drafted laws striking at the centralization which has been one of the worst evils of Turkish rule. Nor has it shown any sign of breaking up. Though it is well known that among its members some are in favor of war, the majority are believed to be sufficiently strong to maintain neutrality.

The Grand Vizier, whom I have known for a quarter of a century, is essentially an honest man who entered office with the desire to aid in establishing a reformed Turkey. Talaat Bey, the Minister of the Interior, impressed those he met in England four years ago with the openness of his mind and good judgment. He has done nothing to discredit this impression. Two of the Christian members of the Government are respected and able men—Bistani, a Maronite Catholic, Minister of Mines, and Oskan Effendi, an Armenian, the Minister of Posts and Telegraphs. It is due to the efforts of these men, of the Sheik-ul-Islam, and of others of influence that the country has not rushed to its own destruction by attacking Russia. At the same time and while admitting that the Cabinet as a whole has pursued a course which tended towards peaceful development, the influence of the war party has prevented the Ministry from impressing the country with a sense of security and of definite purpose, which more experienced men might have supplied. The blunders which have been committed in its name are many and serious, but they are mainly due to the military system and to military usurpation of civil power. If the military party had succeeded, the Government of the country would have become a military despotism of ignorant soldiers who would ruthlessly

trample on every civil interest. The self-importance of the military party causes it to be estimated by the mob at its own value and thus constitutes a real danger. Nevertheless, so far the steady obstinacy of a majority in the present Cabinet in resisting its demands has prevented a declaration of war which would probably have led to the partition of Turkey and all that such a measure implies.¹ If it persists in its present determination to remain neutral it will have deserved well of Turkey and of Europe.

After the horrors and losses of the two wars, with Italy and the Balkan League, the outbreak of the European war came upon the Turkish people as a cruel surprise. Their first question naturally was, can our nation gain some of its lost territory in what is likely to be a general scramble? Questions regarding Armenia and reforms in general went by the board. For weeks the one thought was how to strengthen the army and the fleet. The thought was a natural one for a nation which is, above all, a military nation. All that she possesses she gained by the sword. When "caps were on the green," Turkey was greatly tempted to throw down hers. The maps in the Turkish shops with great black patches showing the territory she had lost in two years' war appealed to the popular imagination. The popular sentiment was with the war party. Enver Pasha, the present War Minister, now a Damat since he was presented with an Imperial princess, was acclaimed throughout the Empire as the hero who had recovered Adrianople and who had not despaired of his country in the blackest part of its recent history. When, therefore, he advised mobilization, the Government had no alternative but to follow him. During all the month of Au-

¹ This article was written before Turkey attacked Russian Black Sea ports, and so entered the war on the side of Germany and Austria. Editor of *The Living Age*.

gust and the first half of September mobilization went on fast and furiously, and, I think, every intelligent spectator would add, foolishly. When war against the Greeks became unlikely for reasons I explain later on, it was asked, whom are we going to fight? The answers were varied. At one time the great army was thought to be going to march to Egypt and drive out the English. After considerable hesitation it came to be recognized that Russia was the country to be attacked. Then until the middle of September many indications tended to confirm the opinion that Turkey was to attack Russia. This, of course, meant that she would join Germany and Austria. It was confidently predicted that on September 18th the Turkish Fleet would steam out into the Black Sea. This would be, and was asserted to be, a challenge to the Russian Fleet. Would the Russians accept it? If so, all British, French, and Russian subjects might be ordered to leave the country. The Turkish Fleet, however, did not put to sea on that day, nor has it done so yet. But on the 19th and for several following days the *Goeben* and the *Breslau* were anchored off Moda Point, at the south end of the Bosphorus, to show passengers on their way to and from the city their apparent strength and also that of their crews. Passengers observed also that at least three-fourths of the crews wore German naval uniforms, the rest being easily distinguishable by their red fezes. The remark commonly made that we were living under a German dictatorship was natural; but, I believe, will turn out not to be true. But the sight gave an illustration of the one-sided character at that date of Turkish neutrality. The Turks did or permitted many acts which under normal conditions would have constituted occasions for war. They prevented twenty-five British ships for several

days from passing through the Dardanelles. They commandeered the cargoes of those which had coals or cereals on board. They rendered the entrance to the Bosphorus dangerous by sowing it with mines. One British vessel, which had had no notice, struck one of these mines and was so seriously injured that she had at once to be beached to prevent her being lost. In like manner the Dardanelles was strewn with mines and could only be navigated by Turkish pilots who knew where the mines were laid, and many steamers, British and French, were detained for many days before they could get through. Coupling these facts with the hurried mobilization, the popular opinion was not unreasonable that Turkey would not have taken such a step unless she intended at once to go to war. But against what Power? The opinion steadily grew that Russia was the Power to be attacked. This was confirmed by the massing of troops wherever Russia was likely to seek a landing. Nor is it unreasonable to suppose, as many people did, that the various irregularities mentioned were committed at the instigation of the large number of German officers in the Turkish service in order to provoke war in which Turkey should join Germany. The tendency to join Germany was increased during the first three weeks of the war by the fact that the censor, popularly (but I believe improperly) supposed to be a German, only allowed us to receive news of the European war transmitted by the Wolff's agency telegrams. When in the first days of September upwards of six hundred German soldiers, sailors, and engineering experts of various kinds arrived in Constantinople, coming through Roumania and Bulgaria, and were sent to places where experts were required, this supposition was strengthened.

By the time, however, that they ar-

rived, the three States of the *Entente* had succeeded in obtaining the publication of their respective versions of events. The result was satisfactory. The simple and evidently truthful character of the official *communiqués* of the British Embassy, with those of France and, to a less degree, those of Russia, had a wonderfully sedative effect. The advocates of neutrality had hardly been listened to. It had appeared to the Turks in the first month of the war that Germany was going to have an almost unchecked march to Paris. When the telegrams came in showing that such march was not possible, that the British Army with the French had stood its ground against very superior numbers, that the Austrian Army had suffered heavy defeat, that Serbia was holding her own against Austria, that German commerce had been swept from the high seas, that the German fleet dared not put to sea, and that, while the harbors of England and France were open to receive their food supplies from neutral countries without fear of interruption, in Germany the price of living was increased, then, but only gradually, the war party began to lose favor and some members of the Government openly declared that Turkey would remain neutral. There were times, notably during the second half of August and until the third week in September, when the balance of Turkish opinion seemed to incline with certainty towards declaring in favor of Germany. During such time the influence of the party in favor of Germany was enormous. It was due to several causes. Since the war with Greece in 1897, the Turkish army has been largely officered by Germans and by Turks who have studied in the German army. After the collapse of Turkish organization in the Kirk-Kilissé and Lulé-Burgas campaign of 1912, the Government devoted its main energy to military reforms. Mahmud Shefket,

the predecessor of Enver, who had been trained in Germany, worked day and night until his assassination to produce a better army on a German model, and especially more skilful officers. Enver Pasha, who was also trained in Germany, has been not less diligent for the same purpose. Under him, as under his predecessor, the number of German officers who have been brought to Turkey has largely increased. At present they swarm in the streets of Constantinople. Their influence upon the army was and is natural. The students under them believe that German drill, tactics, strategy, and training are superior to that of any other nation. German influence in the Government seemed to override all other. A Belgian judge, who has been in Constantinople during the last six months, asked by a Turkish Minister how he felt when he learned the news of the occupation of Brussels, replied: "Exactly as you must feel knowing that your city is in German occupation." German influence was shown in the most irritating way to English and Frenchmen in the way it got hold of the local press. The censorship was onesided. Every skirmish which took place was reported as a German victory. Liége was captured at the first attack, and the news from every part of the seat of war was so grossly unfair that M. Bompard, the French Ambassador, gave formal notice that he would send his official telegrams to the local papers and, whether they were allowed to publish them or not, would place copies of them daily on the walls of his Embassy and Consulate and would supply them to the clubs. Two or three days later, the English official news was posted up in like manner, then the Russian followed, and this course has been steadily continued up to the moment of writing. The Turkish papers still continue to be Germanophil.

German influence and a corresponding hostility towards England became virulent at the pre-emption of the two powerful ships of war called by the Turks the *Reshadié* and the *Sultan Osman* which had been built in England for Turkey. The unsettled question of the Greek Islands occupied Turkish attention after the Treaty of Bucarest far more than any other. Turkey desired to regain Mitylene and Chios, and recognized that the great obstacle to their acquisition was the inferiority of her fleet to that of Greece. The prediction was everywhere heard that when these ships reached Turkey, this inferiority would cease, and the war with Greece would be at once reopened. The common conjecture was that as soon as they were ready for sea, M. Venizelos would himself declare war, and thus legally compel England to prevent their leaving her shores. Hence their construction was hurried on in every possible way by the Turks. In popular belief, not without evidence to support it, as soon as they should reach the Dardanelles, they would be sent to Salonica, and simultaneously a large army would make a rush from Dédéaghat along the shore of the Ægean to co-operate with the Turkish fleet against Salonica. Such army would have to pass through Bulgarian territory, but it was believed that Bulgaria would either give permission or would merely protest. It was reported and generally believed that an arrangement had been made with Bulgaria by which the Province of Gumuljina would be surrendered by the Bulgars in return for a further extension of the Ægean coast at the expense of Greece as far as Chalcidice, Bulgaria giving her assistance in establishing Salonica as a free and autonomous city. The pre-emption of the two ships knocked the bottom out of these projects and the disappointment of the Turks was intense. The act was

spoken of as piracy, as a blow aimed solely at Turkey. Nothing that England has done during the last half century has irritated the Turks to anything like the same extent. It was a bully's attack on a small State. Not only was this view put forward in the Turkish newspapers, but care was taken to spread it throughout the army. In one camp of newly collected troops, I was informed by a person present that an official marched up and down, declaring that they were always to remember "England is the enemy, England is the enemy." The influence which England lost by this expression of popular feeling in Constantinople was gained by Germany. There is now no English newspaper in this city to represent our version of events. The *Osmanische Lloyd*, a German paper, which has been for years an absolutely unscrupulous enemy of England, treated its readers day after day to charges of bad faith by our country.

The mission sent to Bulgaria and Roumania in June with the object of obtaining the aid or acquiescence of those States for an attack on Greece proved a failure, and a second mission at the end of August met with no better success. Therefore, for a time at least, the idea of war against Greece had to be abandoned.

Germany has widely and industriously circulated through the local press many statements with the object of inducing Turkey to be hostile to England. The one to which she apparently attaches most importance is that the Moslems in India are on the point of rising to attack England as the enemy of Islam. It was recalled that the Kaiser, in a famous speech a few years ago at Jerusalem, announced himself the champion of Islam. Probably the arguments among the Turks which more than any other helped to burst the Pan-Islamic bubble which Germany had blown was that if war

were declared against England, Egypt would at once be lost to Turkey, and some of the South Arabic States would proclaim their independence under the protection of England, and set up one of the House of Koreish as Caliph. So, at least, I judge from the reply given by one Moslem to another who urged that the Moslems outside Turkey would unite to attack England. The Turk who was a thoughtful man said: "The less we say about Pan-Islamism the better. The best Moslems and the most educated are in India, and we should do more harm than good to Turkey by asking them to follow our lead." A severe blow to all this nonsense about the hostility of Indian Moslems was given by summaries of facts published by the Embassy, showing how the Moslem Princes and people were united in support of the King-Emperor, and how Agha-Khan was entirely loyal. But the final blow came when the Committee of the Islamic League of All India urged all Moslem States not to be caught up in the whirlwind of the great war, and counselled Turkey to remain neutral.

Let it be said in passing that while the local German paper and the Turkish war party have been and are strongly pro-German, undoubtedly urged thereto by the German soldiers in Turkey, whose one idea is that of the soldier, I believe that the influence of the German Embassy, probably representing German statesmen, has been employed to persuade Turkey to remain neutral. It is evident that were she to declare war on Russia, in the struggle in Asia Minor which would ensue, the Bagdad and Anatolian Railways, which are the greatest commercial asset of Germany outside Europe, with all their traffic and the large amount of German capital which has been invested therein would be destroyed. In Turkey's own interest as well as that of Germany and civilization—for which

these railways count for much—it is essential that Turkey shall remain neutral.

CAPITULATIONS.

On September 10th an Imperial decree was issued abolishing the Capitulations. The announcement was startling to all non-Ottoman subjects and to all the Ambassadors. It was at once met by an identical protest signed by every Ambassador. It is reported that the German Ambassador was even more annoyed than any other, first because his consent had been taken for granted, and then because some time previously he had met the suggestion with a distinct negative. He is the protector of eight thousand German subjects—laborers, shop-keepers, merchants of good repute, engineers who by their skill and character have won general respect—and to throw these persons, who are dispersed throughout the Empire out of German protection, to leave their domiciles and persons to the tender mercies of Turkish officials is almost unthinkable.

The Capitulations are a series of treaties between the Porte and each European and American State which regulate the position of non-Ottoman subjects residing in Turkey. As each treaty contains a "Favored Nation Clause," they constitute a body of laws which is applicable to all non-Ottoman subjects residing in Turkey. General Grant, when on a visit to Constantinople about the year 1880, stated that when he was President of the United States he had asked himself how he would like to see Turkish Courts established in New York or Boston, and then thought that the Capitulations were unjust to Turkey. Having, however, journeyed steadily through to the Turkish capital from Alexandria and made himself familiar with Turkish administration, he recognized that life for Europeans would be intolerable in Turkey but for the protection afforded

by the Capitulations. Travellers who have only heard the Turkish version of the workings of these treaties have on occasions cried out at their injustice. To do so is to show ignorance of their origin and their utility. Turkish legal administration is so utterly bad—and I regret to say that amid many improvements due to Young Turkey, that of the administration of law has no place—that if the Capitulations were abolished a severe blow would be inflicted on the commerce of every country doing business in the Empire and on the Turks themselves. Even with the aid of the Capitulations foreigners have constantly to complain that justice is not obtainable in Turkey unless paid for.

The free entrance of the police into any house and its search, the imprisonment of any person without trial, the examination of letters in the post are some of the evils from which foreigners are saved by the Capitulations. Hence every reasonable man with a knowledge of Turkey would be opposed to their abolition. How then did the decree of September 10th come about? The story is in one respect a happy one, inasmuch as it marks a victory over the chauvinistic war party. Briefly stated, it is the following. As already explained a large army had been mobilized and when the projects of an immediate war with any country failed the chauvinistic party was discredited. But then the country stood with an enormous army mobilized and maintained at a crushing expense. If the army had been disbanded, the enemies of the existing *régime* would have made much of the failure and of the useless expenditure. To save their face, it was necessary to play what would be a popular stroke, and hence the decree of September 10th. Nobody regarded the demonstrations which took place in the streets of the capital and the neighboring villages on the occasion

as spontaneous, and the fact that in many places cheers were given for England, France, and Russia rendered them generally ridiculous.

It may be admitted that there are certain anomalies resulting from the Capitulations which might well be removed. The statement, mostly made by those philo-Turks who know nothing about the country is that foreigners escape taxation. Speaking generally the allegation is simply untrue. The fact that the Embassies of each country have to approve the projects of law which affect foreigners is a source of irritation to unthinking Turks, but in reality an advantage to Turkey because crude projects of law are revised by the competent legal advisers of the various Embassies. The provision is indeed useful and necessary. It might be possible by arrangement between the Powers and the Porte to draft a scheme by which some of the anomalies might be removed, but to abolish them outright is a proposal to which no nation with knowledge of the facts will ever consent. Above all, the inviolability of the houses and the persons of foreigners must be respected. If we were left to the Turks, I venture to predict that cases of outrage would arise within a few months which would arouse all England or France to fury. Turkish subjects may be kept in prison for months without trial, or tortured, their houses searched by an ignorant policeman, but neither British, American, nor other civilized States would permit such outrages. Mission schools, Protestant or Catholic, would simply be ruined if the Capitulations ceased.

ARMENIANS.

What about Armenia? Her story is once more a sad one. She is for the moment forgotten. If Turkey had committed the folly of joining in the European war, Turkey might possibly

cease to exist. There would have been at once serious fighting in Armenia because Turkey has sent into her Eastern provinces many of her best troops and the Russians are known to be well prepared for invasion. The struggle would be complicated by attacks by and upon the peasants. Few foreigners can entertain doubt as to what in that quarter would be the ultimate result. Well-wishers to the Armenian people will regret that her Church and people should be merged in Russia. I am convinced that most Armenians would prefer to live under a really reformed Turkey. This they may yet do, if Turkey continues to be neutral.

The Porte and the Powers until the outbreak of the European war occupied themselves with reforms in Armenia. The most hopeful feature in the case was that Turkey herself initiated the discussion. It looked as if she herself for the first time believed that it was for the general advantage that the terrible condition of insecurity should be changed. Russia, being the Power most interested after Turkey in obtaining better government in the six provinces largely occupied by Armenians, naturally took the lead. When Turkey began to frame a scheme of reforms, England was heartily with her, and all the other Powers acquiesced. Russia suggested that the whole of these provinces should be formed for administrative purposes into one and that this one should be under a European Governor, who should be appointed by the Porte with the consent of the Powers. The Porte, in return, proposed seven instead of six vilayets, including in the seven that of Trebizond. The only apparent advantage to the Turks in such inclusion was that the added vilayet contains a heavy majority of Moslem subjects, the number of Armenians in it being only from twelve to fourteen per cent. The Powers made no objection. These

seven vilayets the Porte proposed to divide into two sections: the first, on the north to include Trebizond, Erzeroum, and Sivas, and the second on the south, comprising Van, Kharput, Diabekir, and Bitlis. Instead of having a European Governor-General at the head of all the seven provinces, who should hold office for five years, the Porte suggested that there should be two European Inspectors-General with extensive powers, one for each of the two sections above mentioned. These inspectors were to be named directly by the Porte without reference to the Powers. By consent of all the Powers the negotiations were left largely in the hands of Russia and Germany. The European proposal was modified, much to the regret of the Powers, and most of the Turkish proposals were accepted. The most important change suggested was that instead of one Governor-General approved by the Powers, two European Inspectors were to be presented by the Powers for nomination by the Porte. The compromise was accepted generally in order to obtain a definite solution, though everyone must have recognized that it was far from satisfactory. It was realized also that during some months of negotiations the Turkish desire for reforms was weakening. Then the Porte went back on its former proposal. Instead of accepting European Inspectors-General it suggested that the Inspectors should be Ottoman subjects. It proposed, however, to give them European counsellors who should be appointed without any approbation, recommendation, or interference by the Powers.

Finally, an arrangement was arrived at that two foreign Inspectors should be named, neither of whom should be a subject of any of the Great Powers. A Dutchman and a Norwegian were appointed. Then came the crucial question. What were the "instructions" to be given to them? The gen-

eral powers which were to be conferred by the arrangement with the Embassies were great. They were to have the right to dismiss every functionary except the Valis, and even as to the latter they had the power to suspend them. Upon doing so they were at once to report to the Minister of the Interior, who was to approve or disapprove within four days. Such attributions were excellent. But the instructions which were to be drawn upon the lines approved turned out to be largely an attempt to restrict the attributions agreed to by the Embassies. They were signed at the end of last May by the Porte, and suggest that all measures for international control had been carefully omitted. This being so, they were of little value. Hilmi Pasha had been an Inspector-General in Macedonia before the revolution, and the story of his failure is not promising. I am assured on very high authority that he sent report after report to his Government suggesting remedies for abuses which existed, but his reports were completely disregarded. The Powers objected to the limitations contained in the instructions for the Inspectors-General, but seem to have concluded that further resistance was useless. It is the old story of the pertinacity of Turkish officials wearing the patience of ill-informed and often weak Ambassadors. Two British officials already in the Turkish service and both excellent men had been suggested as Inspectors-General. Neither of them was available when the two suitable men were appointed. General satisfaction was expressed, and when they arrived in Constantinople, each of them made a very favorable impression. Finally, Colonel Hoff, the one of them who had arrived in Turkey, was recalled, and M. Westenenk has not entered on his duties. The Armenians during all these negotiations hopefully

looked forward to the establishment of reforms which would render them loyal subjects of the Sultan. Their leaders have shown patience and moderation, and their disappointment at the recall of the foreign Inspectors leads them to believe that all questions relating to their country are definitely shelved.

One of the leading Armenians, who had followed the negotiations keenly and hopefully, expressed his belief to me in June last that now for the first time reforms of real value were likely to be honestly instituted. He believed also that Germany was especially desirous to make them effective, because otherwise the Bagdad and Anatolian Railways, in which Germany has the largest interest, would lose most of their value. He claimed that Germany, having obtained from Abdul Hamid all the concessions she wanted, was in favor of reforms, and had shown, in joining hands with Russia in the negotiations, that she was no less sincere than the other Powers.

And now has come confusion! the military mobilization, the occupation of the Eastern Provinces by troops, and the shelving of all questions of reform. It is a sad business, and the Armenians, like other people, will have to wait the result of events, which will decide, among other things, the fate of Armenia, and perhaps of Turkey.

The struggle during the last three months of the military party for predominance is the key to the present situation. Though urged by the Germans in Turkish employ, that party must be held responsible for most of the recent blunders committed by the Government. Thinking only of the military situation, private property has been seized in many shops and stores without any respect to the rights of the owners. The policy has been a foolish one for Turkey, because such acts, including the commandeering of

coal and cereals, have destroyed confidence. It is true that the Government wanted coal and the population food, but as Turkey is neutral, America and ships of other neutral States would have supplied what was wanted. They have not done so for fear that once through the Dardanelles they would not be allowed to leave.

As at the end of September I close this article, the position of Turkey is clearer than it was, but our sky is still clouded. The attitude of Roumania is regarded by Turkey with intense suspicion. The Turkish fleet, headed by the *Goeben*, the *Breslau*, and two cruisers bought from Germany, is ostentatiously ready for sea. The general belief is that if Roumania declares war on Austria, Constanza will be bombarded. It is assumed that if the Turkish fleet enters the Black Sea for such purpose there will be a naval battle of great interest, the two fleets being regarded as of about equal strength. When these pages are published, I trust that the cloud will have disappeared, but for the present it is black.

Turkey has been grossly deceived by the Wolff's telegrams from Berlin, but they are now discredited. The English official summaries have had a splendid effect, and are trusted not only by foreigners but by Turks, for we still have the reputation among them of being a truth-speaking people. The Turks know now the truth about India. They know that England has not yet placed half her available men in the field, and they recognize that at present the chances of Germany are not brilliant. I therefore venture to express the hope that notwithstanding German influence, Turkey will remain neutral.

It is impossible not to sympathize with Turkey, or at least with that portion of her population which has been striving during the last six years

to constitute a reformed Turkey. I have frequently brought to the notice of *Contemporary Review* readers the blunders Young Turkey has committed, and I mention new and grave ones in this article. The old leaven remains, and Young Turkey is unhappily a country without guidance and without experience. She has to work out her own salvation or perish. But in spite of all her blunders, I maintain that the path on which she started six years ago was one of progress, and that in many respects she has not looked back. What she requires is peace. We thought she had secured it after the war with Italy, and again after her defeat by the Balkan States. We looked forward to reforms in Armenia which would reconcile Moslems and Christians; to the furtherance of educational work; to the construction of new roads and railways which the Government had designed and some of which it had given out for execution to French and other companies; to a host of legislative changes which would bring Turkey nearer into line with European civilization.

The war has dashed away these hopes, and the country is for the present not thinking of any but military projects. Even as late, however, as the middle of September the hope for peace was once more taken away; for the visit of Mr. Noel Buxton to the Balkan States was taken to be the forerunner of new troubles in the Balkans and the black cloud just mentioned is still hanging over us. It may be, as I trust will turn out to be the case, that Mr. Buxton's visit will be the means of cementing these States together and thus aiding the party here in favor of neutrality to resist the pressure of the military party and its German instigators; but in the meantime it is taken as a further reason for keeping the army on a war footing. But peace is what the country wants; peace is

for Turkey vital. General. von der Goltz, who knows this country well and is not merely a soldier, concluded an article recently in the *Neue Freie Presse* by declaring that "Turkey has need of a period of peace lasting from ten to fifteen years," and that "the provinces which remain to Turkey can be more easily protected now than in 1877-8 and in 1912." Even therefore from the soldier's point of view peace is what is most to be desired. The long-suffering peasants, Moslems as well as Christians, are poverty-stricken amid fertile lands. When they have produced a crop with the primitive industrial weapons, which are the only ones known to them, they are unable to get their produce to market. They want roads and these can only be made when the flower of the country's manhood is not under arms. The drain on the industrial population during the last two months has been terrible. Those who had money were able to buy exemption. Hundreds of small proprietors, Moslems and Christians alike, sold their little properties, which represented the savings of their lives, in order to avoid service. The Government, on its side, was equally eager to exact the uttermost farthing. Indeed, to such an extent did the effort to obtain money go that in popular belief mobilization was mainly intended for such purpose. All these people want peace. With peace would come education, increase of trade, and the contentment which comes from the possession of the comforts of life. Turks want peace in order that men of cool judgment may continue their task of practical reforms. It is to such men, who happily form the majority of the Ministry, that we owe the maintenance of peace. Had other counsels prevailed Turkey would have been the victim of the Kaiser and would be within meas-

The Contemporary Review.

urable distance of coming to an end.

During the week beginning September 28th the Germans used all their influence on the Turks to induce them to join in the European war. The impression, indeed, both on Turks and foreigners alike is that the Porte has in various directions been urged to adopt a provocative policy. The week began with news of an attack on Egyptian territory in the neighborhood of the Gulf of Akaba, where, some ten years ago, Sir Nicholas O'Connor had to use forcible language in order to avoid war. Similar language is reported to have been used a week before by Sir Louis Mallet. Then we were informed that the Dardanelles were closed and the Turkish newspapers gave as a reason that the Anglo-French ships having prevented the exit of a Turkish torpedo boat and being unduly near the Aegean mouth of the Straits, the latter were closed till the ships retired. Report, which I am unable to confirm or deny, states that the order to close them was given by the German officer in command at Chanak. During the week Suchon Pasha, the German Admiral in command of the *Goeben*, with a crew mostly composed of German sailors, visited the Black Sea, and again, rumor states, that this Admiral is really in command of the Turkish fleet and disregards all Turkish authority. The Turks openly state that the Germans are profuse in their promises if Turkey will join them, and express themselves as alone able to save Turkey from Russia. In spite both of threats and promises the party for maintaining neutrality remains obdurate, and unless the Allies should suffer some serious reverse, will yet succeed in resisting the demands and blandishments of Germany.

October 6th.

Edwin Pears.

BELGIUM IN WAR.

A RECORD OF PERSONAL EXPERIENCES.

I visited Belgium with the object of ascertaining the condition of the civilian population generally and of informing myself at first hand as to the conditions set up by the War in an innocent and peaceful country.

I reached Antwerp towards the end of September. The King and his Cabinet, with the rest of the members of the Government, exiled from their capital, had made the city their headquarters and were conducting the work of government as best they could over a sadly shrunken area, Antwerp and Ostend, with the intervening coast line, being practically all that remained to them.

On Sunday, the 27th of September, I was received by the King of the Belgians. At the end of the conference I was asked by the King to transmit once more the expression of his thanks for all that was being done for his people by the British nation.

Antwerp itself, though practically isolated, did not at first glance show many signs of the war then rolling almost to its gates. There were some changes in its physical appearance. The German shops were untenanted and barred. The public buildings, and many private ones, were decorated with the national flag. The streets were crowded, especially in the afternoons and early evenings. Everywhere eager crowds read war telegrams exhibited in shop windows. The Flemish and French papers were bought in large numbers. They contained surprisingly little news, practically nothing of current operations being printed. A large part of the contents of all the papers consisted of reprints from English newspapers three or four days old, or even more. Mr. Lloyd George's Queen's Hall speech was being printed

and discussed nearly a week after it had been delivered.

Many of the foreign legations had removed to Antwerp with the Government, and were quartered in various hotels in the city.

There was no lack of food within Antwerp. The supplies from Holland had not been interrupted, and the prices of foodstuffs remained normal. It was a noticeable feature at the daily vegetable markets that many very tiny children were acting as food buyers for the homes.

As the city was known to be in danger of attack, refugees from the ravaged districts around were not admitted indiscriminately, but, except in the case of those who came to embark on the English steamers were sent on to other places and otherwise arranged for.

The possible fate of the wonderful fourteenth-century cathedral, one of the most beautiful Gothic churches in the world, must have been frequently in the minds not only of those who have the guardianship of this world treasure, but of all who know it. Steps were taken for its safety. It displayed from the summit of its incomparable tower a protecting flag. The pictures which usually decorate the interior, including Rubens' famous masterpiece, *The Descent from the Cross*, were removed to the cellars.

One visit which I paid to the cathedral brought home with dramatic force the sacrifice which Belgium was making. It was the hour of the afternoon service. Outside was the crowded eager life of an excited populace, finding outlet for its emotion and solace for its fears in communal intercourse. Inside, the vast congregation was composed largely of women, nearly all of them in

deep mourning. Many of them seemed very old; they wept for sons, the little ones clinging to their dress for fathers. Their faces, beautiful with the toil and thought of years, were singularly impressive. They might have stepped from the wonderful Flemish canvases in the Art Gallery of their city.

A few days later these mourning women, old and young, bearing in primitive bundles all that they could save of their household goods, formed part of the procession from the city of its entire population. History itself can scarcely offer a parallel to a spectacle so charged with human suffering. Five hundred thousand peaceful and unoffending inhabitants, homeless and helpless, were fleeing into the darkness. From the banks of the Scheldt amidst flashes of fire they had what for many of them was their last vision of the city of their birth.

At night Antwerp was both dark and silent during the days preceding the bombardment. The shops and cafés closed early. By eight o'clock not a light was to be seen, and the silence was only broken from time to time by the throb of military cars passing through the city.

The German army sent several Zeppelins over Antwerp. The first bomb which was thrown did considerable damage, and killed more than a dozen persons. A married couple who were in the ground-floor room of a house near which the bomb exploded were blown to pieces, and the room presented a very horrible appearance. The Zeppelin raids did not, however, create any general panic, though the city appeared to have no defence against them. A hostile aeroplane came over us at a great height, and the guns which were turned upon it seemed hopelessly inadequate. It did not, however, succeed in doing any damage.

THE DEFENCES OF ANTWERP.

In view of subsequent events, it may not be without interest to record what was seen of the defences of Antwerp. It had the reputation of being one of the strongest fortresses in Europe, and had long been intended to serve as the base of the army, should it be compelled to retire in case of the violation of the neutrality of the country. Three circles of forts defended the city. Some of these were built fifty years ago, and all of them before anything was known of the new German siege guns, throwing a shell nearly a ton in weight, at a distance of seven miles, and it was clear to the military authorities that their forts would not stand for long a bombardment under the new conditions, and that additional measures were essential. I was shown what these latter were, and there is no longer any reason for silence respecting them. A bridge of boats had been thrown over the Scheldt west of the city, which served as the chief means of communication with the south-west portion of Belgium. For some miles around Antwerp everything that would afford cover for the Germans was, as far as possible, destroyed. Many thousands of trees were cut down, and their trunks removed or burnt, so that woods and little forests had become barren plains. A large number of houses had been similarly destroyed, and the *débris* carted away or scattered. All the way to the outer line of forts, and beyond, an enormous number of trenches had been prepared. At many strategic points extensive wire entanglements had been prepared, which were electrified and would cause death to any coming into contact with them. I was informed by the Minister of Finance that the cost of the destruction of property rendered necessary by these precautionary measures for the defence of Antwerp amounted to nearly 10,000,000*l.*

The defence guns of Antwerp did not compare with the German siege guns, and the Belgians were further handicapped by some shortage of ammunition, due in part to the fact that some of their ammunition factories were in the hands of the Germans.

THE BELGIAN MINISTRY.

The members of the Belgian Government set an example of great bravery and resourcefulness. Each Minister in Antwerp was working incessantly to discharge the duties of government under unexampled conditions of difficulty and danger. They had made arrangements by which they were kept in touch with events in almost every part of the country occupied by the Germans, and they were able to take steps accordingly from day to day, as the situation demanded. There was no panic, or alarm, or excitement in their methods. They were quiet, unassuming men whose lives had hitherto been spent in the paths of peace, but they showed the most unbounded courage. They felt no doubt as to the future, and they made their plans for it in this spirit. Their moderation was very impressive. They distinguished between the German nation and the German army, and realized that there were two Germanys, one which they had known and trusted, and another which was ravaging their land.

The Belgian Ministry gave me every possible assistance in connection with my mission. Their anxiety throughout was to enable me to see for myself the state of their country. This was a matter of great difficulty, as the German troops were moving rapidly over many parts of the country, and it was not possible to tell a day in advance which points we could attempt to visit.

The Ministry expressed to me their great gratitude for the relief which was coming from England, but they stated

that so extensive were the conditions of want and actual starvation that the help they were receiving was as a drop in the ocean. They stated that a great proportion of the population in Belgium were starving, and they gave me the following list of goods as being those most urgently required:

Coal
Rice
Salt
Beans
Flour
Sugar
Dry vegetables
Clothing of all descriptions

They suggested that these articles should be sent direct to Antwerp and that they should undertake their distribution. The German troops were constantly moving and the Government could, therefore, reach a considerable number of the districts most in need. They added that no quantities which the imagination could suggest would be too great to send.

When this conversation took place it was not thought that the Germans would attempt to capture Antwerp. The development of the military situation and the enforced flight of the Government upset, for the time, all the relief schemes. The whole problem has assumed a new character owing to the wholesale exodus of the population from many parts of Belgium.

THE HOSPITALS.

Antwerp was, of course, the main and, latterly, the only hospital base for the whole of Belgium. Many of the public buildings had been transformed and were used as emergency hospitals. The hospitals sent by other countries were located here.

I visited most of these hospitals and was impressed by their efficiency. At the outbreak of the war there had been a shortage of surgical requirements, including a notable absence of anæ-

thetics, but this had since been made good.

No more striking proof of what the war meant to the Belgian nation was needed than a visit to the great military hospital in Antwerp. I hope I may be forgiven for giving a very brief account of my own visit to it. I do not wish to gratify the curiosity of the morbid but to enlist sympathy and aid.

The enormous buildings of the military hospital were filled with the wounded. They included every class of injury. Many were suffering from rifle wounds. These were the least serious cases. The wounds were generally clean, and healed quickly. There were, however, a great number of cases of shell wounds. Some of these were of a very fearful character. The surgeons were working under great pressure. In one operating room the surgeons were dealing with a smashed thigh, caused by shell; in the room adjoining and in the passage connecting, seriously wounded soldiers lay on stretchers waiting to be brought into the operating room.

One portion of the hospital was devoted to wounded Germans. The arrangements for these were the same as for the Belgians. Except that there were armed sentries at the doors there was no distinction. Many of the wounds were serious. One German whom I saw had had both eyes blown out, and was slowly recovering.

I should like to pay a tribute to the devotion of the staff of the British Field Hospital, under the care of Drs. Beavis and Souttar. The school in which they had been placed was filled with Belgians, all seriously wounded. Many of the injuries were from shells and involved complicated and difficult operations. When I was in the hospital I saw an operation being performed on a soldier whose leg had been broken in seventeen places; not only was there a practical certainty of sav-

ing the patient's life, but it was also hoped to save the injured limb. This case was typical of many more.

The staff of the hospital removed their patients from Antwerp during the bombardment of the city amidst circumstances demanding the utmost bravery, coolness, and resource.

The needs of the Belgian Red Cross Society were brought to my notice. Their funds were exhausted and they were urgently appealing to the Government, already bearing burdens beyond their strength, for immediate financial help. This matter has been brought formally to the notice of the British Red Cross Society, and I trust some of the funds of the latter may be used in Belgium. I believe that public opinion would be wholly in favor of this being done.

TERMONDE.

On Saturday, the 26th of September, I was told by the Minister of Finance that it would be possible for me to reach Termonde. Two military motor cars were placed at my disposal. The party with me included the King's Private Secretary and a staff officer. We left Antwerp at midday, and we were enabled to see for ourselves the damage which the Belgians had had to inflict upon themselves in order to protect their city. The destruction of property of every description and the flooding of vast areas of low-lying land gave the appearance of horrible desolation.

When we had gone a little distance we became aware that an attack was being made by the enemy in the neighborhood of Termonde, and faint echoes of the guns reached us.

We passed through the villages and small towns which cluster round Antwerp, the road being frequently crowded with troops and with innumerable transport wagons going or returning from the Front. In the villages all ordinary life was arrested, the

women and children standing or sitting, dumb and patient, by the roadside. Half way to Termonde we could hear very plainly the booming of the guns. We were hindered in our journey by the destruction of bridges and to some extent by the flooded nature of the country. When, at length, we reached the Scheldt before Termonde, we found a very rough narrow bridge which, with care, we were able to cross. Here the firing was very vivid. There were considerable numbers of Belgian troops, and we saw many evidences of the battle which was then raging. We came to the margin of the town and began our detailed inspection.

I had read newspaper accounts of the destruction of Termonde, and I had seen photographs of houses or parts of streets showing the work of destruction. They had not conveyed to my mind any realization of the horror of what had actually happened.

Termonde a few weeks ago was a beautiful city of about 16,000 inhabitants; a city in which the dignity of its buildings harmonized with the natural beauty of its situation; a city which contained some buildings of surpassing interest. I found it entirely destroyed; I went through street after street, square after square, and I found that every house was entirely destroyed with all its contents. It was not the result of a bombardment: it was systematic destruction. In each house a separate bomb had been placed which had blown up the interior and had set fire to the contents. All that remained were portions of the outer walls, still constantly falling, and inside the cinders of the contents. Not a shred of furniture or of anything else remained.

This sight continued in street after street throughout the entire extent of what had been a considerable town. It had an indescribable influence upon the observer which no printed description

or even pictorial record could give. This influence was increased by the utter silence of the city, broken only by the sound of the guns. Of the population I thought not a soul remained—I was wrong. For as we turned into a square where the wreck of what had been one of the most beautiful of Gothic churches met my eyes, a blind woman and her daughter groped among the ruins. They were the sole living creatures in the whole of the town. Shops, factories, churches, the houses of the wealthy, all were similarly destroyed. One qualification only have I to make of this statement. Two or perhaps three houses bore a German command in chalk that they were not to be burnt. These remained standing, but deserted, amidst the ruins on either side. Where a destroyed house had obviously contained articles of value looting had taken place. In the ruins of what had been a jeweler's shop the remains of the safe were visible amidst the cinders. The part around the lock had been blown off and the contents rifled.

I inquired what had become of the population. It was a question to which no direct reply could be given. They had fled in all directions. Some had reached Antwerp, but a great number were wandering about the country panic-stricken and starving; many were already dead.

THE GENERAL SITUATION THROUGHOUT BELGIUM.

I had other opportunities of seeing that what had happened at Termonde was typical of what had happened in other parts of Belgium under the military occupation of Germany, and I have given this record of the condition of Termonde because it is typical.

I was further supplied by the Belgian Government with details of the general conditions existing in all parts of their country.

Conditions of unexampled misery have been set up for the civilian population throughout the occupied territory. Until the fall of Antwerp comparatively only a few refugees had reached this country. The others remained wandering about Belgium flocking into other towns and villages or flying to points a little way across the Dutch frontier. Sometimes when a town has been bombarded the Germans have withdrawn and the civilians have returned to their homes, only to flee again at a renewed attack from the enemy. A case in point is Malines, which on the 27th of September, as I was trying to reach it, was again bombarded. The inhabitants were then unable to leave, as the town was surrounded. But when the bombardment ceased there was a panic exodus.

The whole life of the nation has been arrested; the food supplies which would ordinarily reach the civilian population are being taken by the German troops for their own support. The poor and many others are without the necessities of life, and the conditions of starvation grow more acute every day. Even where, as in some cases happens, there is a supply of wheat available, the peasants are not allowed to use their windmills owing to the German fear that they will send signals to the Belgian army.

We are face to face with a fact unique perhaps in the history of the world. The life of an entire nation has been arrested, its army is driven to the borders of another country, the bulk of its civilian population are refugees, of those who remain many are panic-stricken wanderers from village to village.

THE GERMAN METHODS IN BELGIUM.

As I have already stated, the completeness of the destruction at Termonde was a feature which almost

everywhere marked the German progress through Belgium. It was amazing because it was not the result of the ordinary incidents of war such as bombardment. It was organized and systematic destruction. The method of it was explained to me in detail by the Belgian Government, and particularly by the venerable Speaker of the Belgian Parliament. I had explained to me and was shown the numerous appliances which the German soldiers carried for destroying property. Not only were hand-bombs of various sizes and descriptions carried, but each soldier was supplied with a quantity of small black discs little bigger than a sixpenny-piece. I saw these discs which had been taken from German soldiers on the field of battle. These were described to me as being composed of compressed benzine; when lighted they burn brilliantly for a few minutes, and are sufficient to start whatever fire is necessary after the explosion of the bomb.

Many of the German soldiers who were captured were found to be carrying handcuffs, which had apparently been served out to some regiments as a matter of course.

The Belgian Government thought that the object of the German methods was to terrorize the nation, and that their comparative moderation at Brussels was due to the presence of the Ambassadors of neutral countries. I was given instances of the atrocities which the German army was everywhere committing. They were murdering the civil population and they had put to death a large number of priests. The things came as the greater shock to the Government because in 1870 the Germans had observed international laws of war, and their campaign was free from their present cruelties and outrages.

I had described to me by a leading citizen of Liège the incidents following

the occupation of that city. He is a distinguished scholar of unimpeachable character. I only refrain from mentioning his name in order not to endanger his safety. He was in Liège throughout the assault and witnessed the arrival of the German troops in the city. From the windows of his own house, saved from destruction by chance because it was next to one occupied by a German officer, he saw soldiers going from house to house setting each on fire. The terrified occupants rushed from the burning houses, the women and children generally clinging to the men. Again and again he saw the soldiers pull off the women and children, and then shoot the men before their eyes. He witnessed, too, the shooting of a number of priests.

I made myself acquainted with the methods which were being followed by the Commission appointed by the Belgian Government to investigate the methods of the German army. It is a distinguished Commission and it has sifted all its evidence with judicial impartiality. Where witnesses' or even victims' names are suppressed, it is in order to secure the safety of them or their relatives. Their statements are all capable of proof and will bear the strictest investigation. But indeed to one who has seen the ravage of Belgium no other confirmation is necessary.

TACTICS AT LIEGE AND NAMUR.

The Belgian Government described to me the difference in the German methods of attack at Liège and Namur. They explained to me the rushing tactics of great bodies of massed troops at the former place, which resulted in enormous German losses. At Namur these methods were entirely altered. The Germans waited for five days before attacking Namur, and did so only when their siege guns were in position. They relied wholly

on these, and the forts of Namur were powerless against them.

THE BEGINNING OF THE ATTACK ON ANTWERP.

Reference has already been made to an engagement near Termonde. It was the beginning of the attack which culminated in the evacuation of Antwerp and the flight of the population.

After I had concluded my inspection of the destroyed town I was taken to the south of Termonde, and was made acquainted by the military authorities with the nature of the fighting which was taking place. The enemy were attempting to reoccupy the Termonde district, and, as the next day showed, an advance on Malines, east of Termonde, was part of the same movement.

I was taken as far as the Belgian trenches. Behind me the guns of the protecting forts were thundering. The Belgian soldiers were lying flat in the trenches, which, to a lay mind, appeared to be of a curious formation. They were not cut deep, but a bank was raised on the firing side only, consisting not only of soil, but of wood logs and other miscellaneous things. There was also a rough cover of what appeared to be iron sheets weighted with wood logs and supported by rough stakes—generally small tree trunks. Though this method of trenching might afford some shelter against shells breaking in front of the soldiers, it did not appear to be effective against those breaking behind but near enough for the effect of the explosion to reach the trench.

We could hear the German fire but could see nothing of the enemy. One of his shells came over us, falling well in our rear. Some of the shells fell in the ruined town behind us.

The German attack was successfully resisted on this day and the Belgians held their ground, the enemy by night-

fall having retreated about three miles.

We could see in actual working the arrangements for dealing with the wounded on the field of battle. In the rear of the fighting line there waited ambulance men with stretcher-beds. They received the wounded from the Red Cross parties who brought them direct from the trenches. Simple first aid was given and they were then taken to the railway station, happily close at hand, and put into a hospital train in waiting. At Antwerp station conveyances were waiting to take them to the hospitals. These arrangements were carried out as expeditiously as possible, and everything humanly possible was done for the sufferers. But I came to the conclusion that much suffering, and perhaps loss of life, would be avoided if the wounded could be more frequently taken straight to the hospital base by a motor ambulance so as to save the changes and delays with the consequent suffering which transit by train meant. This is in no sense intended as a criticism of the Belgian arrangements, which were the subject of great care and devotion and were as good as was possible.

THE BELGIAN PRIEST IN WAR.

Many opportunities occurred to witness the work of the Belgian priests. Of their courage and devotion it would be impossible to speak too highly. In every village they were to be found comforting and helping. In many cases they acted as Red Cross workers and carried the wounded from the battlefield. I saw in the district of the fighting many of these priests waiting by the side of their stretchers. They retained their long black dress, the only difference they had made being the assumption of the Red Cross band on their arms.

Their work in this connection should be remembered in view of the considerable numbers who have been put to

death by the Germans. I remember, too, with gratitude and admiration the vision I had of their work when I returned to England in a boat crowded with refugees. They moved about the great crowd huddled together during a violent storm, doing all they could to relieve the sufferings of those poor beings already panic-stricken by their experiences on land, to which was now added the horror of a storm at sea as they journeyed to an unknown land.

THE FUTURE.

What does the future hold for Belgium?

I write on the assumption that the country will be restored to her people. But what will be her condition? Many of her towns and villages are wholly destroyed. Before they could be rebuilt the existing ruins must be carted away. The bulk of her people have fled to other lands. All the activities of a nation have ceased. No factories are working, no trade is done. Agriculture is at an end. The peasants have fled from their fields and farms. The troops have trampled the harvest. All is desolation and decay. And great as the ruin is at the moment, it grows worse day by day.

But there is another side to this black picture. It is not easy to kill a nation. It is like trying to kill thought. At the end of Shorthouse's wonderful romance Mr. Inglesant watches in the setting sun "a glorious city, bathed in life and hope, full of happy people who thronged its streets and bridge, and the margin of its gentle stream. Then the sunset faded, and the ethereal vision vanished, and the landscape lay dark and chill.

"The sun is set . . . but it will rise again." So it is with Belgium. Her people will rise once more. They will rebuild their cities. They will recreate their homes. They will re-establish their commerce. They will become

once more the nation they were.

But these things are not yet. Belgium is now in the hour of her need. She wants our help and it must be given in overwhelming measure. But we are not helping a nation which is going to perish. She will emerge again.

The spirit of the nation may be seen in the spirit of her King. Let me offer this tribute, however inadequate, to the courage, the genius, and the splendid heroism of the King of the Belgians. The manner in which he has faced unexampled misfortunes has revealed his character to the world. Known as one of the most modest and gentle of men, his conduct in this crisis has revealed a great statesman and a great leader. In part this has been a revelation even to the Belgians themselves, and has been the inspiring factor in the national action.

STEPS FOR THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.

In conclusion, there are two steps which I think the Government might take for the assistance of Belgium apart from their schemes for the

The Nineteenth Century and After.

refugees in this country. The first is to send a Commission to Holland to co-operate with representatives of neutral countries in getting food supplies and other necessities of life to the non-combatants. The Government should place at the disposal of this Commission whatever food supplies were necessary.

The second is to establish the machinery for the help of the Belgian Government when it becomes possible for them and their people to return. Whole cities have to be rebuilt, and the life of a nation reorganized. Architects, agriculturists, builders, to mention three only out of the representatives of a hundred trades and professions whose services would be invaluable, could through a Government scheme of co-operation give help in a multitude of ways.

This is not the moment to suggest details. The first step is the appointment of a body to propose schemes and to confer with the Belgian Government.

J. H. Whitehouse.

BELOW STAIRS.

BY MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK,

Author of The Severins, The Staying Guest, Etc.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Priscilla had got into the way of going to Miss Udall's room every night to brush her hair. Emma and Dinah jeered at her for performing a duty she had not engaged to do; but she let them jeer. She liked Miss Udall and felt sorry for her; she did not much like Emma and Dinah.

"You saw me this afternoon," said Miss Udall, when her long curly hair was unplanned and Priscilla began to brush it.

"Yes, miss," said Priscilla.

One girl was embarrassed and the other knew her place. Jenny wanted to tell Priscilla what had happened, but did not know how to begin; and Priscilla was full of interest and conjecture, but could only speak if she was spoken to.

"Was that your young man with you?" said Jenny, shying away from her own affairs for the moment.

"Yes, miss."

"Major Charlton knows him, and likes him."

"Yes, miss. The Masterses have had

a lot of work at Willeston since the Major came home. Mr. Masters was talking about it—after we met you."

"Has—he proposed yet, Priscilla?"

"Not yet, miss."

"Why doesn't he?"

"I can't think. Perhaps his parents are unwilling."

"Oh dear! I hope not. You couldn't marry if they were, could you?"

"Why not, miss?"

"Would you do it? Would you marry in defiance of their wishes?"

"Certainly I would, if he would. They'd come round. If they didn't, they'd be unreasonable. There's nothing against me except that I'm in service."

"I'm sure that ought not to count against you. It's a very honorable calling."

"It's one people are always ready to throw in your face though," said Priscilla.

The brushing went on silently for a time; then Jenny said, with an effort:

"What did you think when you saw me to-day?"

"Well, miss," replied Priscilla, "my thoughts didn't come as quick as Harry's. The moment you passed he turned to me and he said: 'Who's that young lady with the Major?' and I said it was you. And he said: 'Are they keeping company?' and I said I hoped so, because from what I had seen I thought the Major was a nice gentleman, and Willeston Park a nice house."

"I had tea there in the garden," said Jenny, "and after tea I saw the drawing-room and the pictures. Major Charlton and I are engaged, Priscilla."

"I wish you both every happiness," said Priscilla primly. But her eyes laughed and sparkled in sympathy with Jenny's own.

"Just at present you are the only person we are going to tell," Jenny

continued. "I can trust you with the secret."

"I'll be as silent as a tomb."

"We want to hear from my father in India before we tell anyone here."

"Yes, miss. Mrs. Boger will be annoyed, won't she? Saying 'not at home' to the Major, and then having his wedding here will make it awkward for her."

"We are a long way from a wedding," said Jenny dreamily.

But next day she found that her ideas were rapidly adjusting themselves to the change made by Roger's declaration. The thought that he was her knight gave her some courage, though not as much as she required. Mrs. Boger had made herself disagreeable at once yesterday, asking why Jenny had gone for a walk by herself, and where she had been, and looking suspiciously at the girl, who said as little as she could and went to bed early.

"If you want a long walk to-day Archie will go with you," Mrs. Boger said at breakfast. "I don't approve of your running about these lanes by yourself. You might meet tramps."

Jenny looked at the limp, bottle-shouldered youth opposite her and wondered whether the tramp lived who would be frightened by him.

"It is much too hot for a long walk to-day," she said.

"I detest walks," said Archie. "Get a car and I'll drive it."

"We'll spend the day in the garden," said Mrs. Boger. "At least, you young people can. I have to be in the kitchen seeing to jam. If you leave it to servants they eat the fruit and burn the sugar."

"Shall we sit in the garden?" said Archie, when his mother had gone. "I believe it's cooler indoors."

"I'm going to play scales," said Jenny. She could not say she had letters to write, because she had never

been allowed to make friends, and had no correspondence. She knew, however, that scales regularly and loudly played would drive Archie out of the drawing-room.

"When I get married I shall veto scales," he drawled. "They make a house uninhabitable. I can hear them in the library."

"Do they disturb your meditations?"

"If you'd play my accompaniments I'd try over those new songs."

"No, thank you. I've looked at them."

"What's the matter with them?"

"I'm not going to discuss them, and I'm not going to play them."

"You're on the high horse this morning, aren't you?"

"I want to be left alone."

That was what Jenny wanted: to be left alone with her thoughts and memories of yesterday. For two hours her scales stood her in good stead. Up and down the keyboard her nimble, lissom fingers went, as the old German had taught her, with careful articulation, slowly first, and then more rapidly. While her fingers worked her mind played and dreamed, but came to no conclusion. How and where and when was she to meet her lover, and how get messages from him? She could write to him and post the letter herself, but all letters that came to the house were under Mrs. Boger's surveillance. From the hour when Jenny arrived, a timid, delicate little girl of ten, Mrs. Boger had taken possession of her life, and tried to train her in the way she should go, towards marriage with her graceless son, who at the time was fifteen, and had just been expelled from school. Jenny knew that legally she could not be forced into a marriage. What she doubted was whether she had the strength to withstand such pressure as could be brought upon her. She could count on no support from her father. He left

her to Mrs. Boger, and she would not stick at a trifle to get what she wanted. She was capable, at least, of whisking Jenny off to some strange place where she would to all intents and purposes be imprisoned with a gaoler whose tongue and temper were brutal. Jenny saw no way of escape, and at the end of a meditative two hours she felt so restless and so miserable that she sought out Priscilla, who was trimming lamps in the pantry.

"I'm so wretched, Priscilla," she said, sitting down on the only chair. She had shut the door, but she spoke in a low voice, for the kitchen was not far off, and Mrs. Boger was in it.

"You ought not to be," said Priscilla, watching the spout of her oil-can.

"But I don't know what is going to happen."

"You must keep a good heart, miss."

"It will be three weeks before we can hear from my father, if he telegraphs, and six weeks if he waits to write."

"He won't wait, miss. He'll guess you're in an 'urry."

"I shouldn't be in a hurry——" began Jenny.

"If you were happy here. No, miss, I understand."

"I'm so afraid, Priscilla."

"They can't come between you if you don't let 'em. You mustn't let 'em, miss. For three weeks you just got to stand up to 'em, and then you'll be happy ever after. You must say to yourself it's worth while."

"Won't you see your young man till you go out again to-morrow week, Priscilla?"

"No, miss."

"It's a long while."

"That's the worst o' service. In between your outings, you're shut up as much as if you were a nun or a convict; and other girls from shops and

factories they get out every night. But I'm not uneasy."

"I wish I could see Major Charlton. If I could just see him and speak to him sometimes, I'd believe it more."

Priscilla rubbed a charred wick smooth, and put back a chimney and a shade-stand.

"You don't like to go to his house again?" she ventured.

"Not if I can help it. Besides, I can't get away."

"You could get just across the common, miss, to my home. I often slip across to see how the old people are gettin' on."

"Do you mean that I could write to Major Charlton and ask him to meet me there?"

"Why not, miss? There's a garden at the back where there's a seat under an old quince-tree. No one passing can see in there."

"But would your mother not mind?"

"She's very particular, but I shall tell her you and Major Charlton are engaged. I've told her a lot about Mrs. Boger already, and about Mr. Archie. She wants me to give notice."

"You mustn't, Priscilla, indeed you mustn't yet. I couldn't get on without you."

"Haven't you any friends, miss?"

"I know people here and there, but not many. I never stay with anyone. I'm going to the garden-party at the Vicarage on Friday. Perhaps Major Charlton will be there. But I want to see him before that. I think I will ask him to come to your mother's cottage, Priscilla. It can't be wrong, as we are engaged."

At that moment a heavy footfall and a scolding voice announced the approach of Mrs. Boger. She came into the pantry immediately, and filled it both with her enormous body and her cankered soul. She nagged at Jenny for being there in degrading intimacy with Priscilla; and she nagged at

Priscilla for being behindhand with her work, and scamping it. The drawing-room ought to have been half turned out by this time, and it was a mere excuse to say that Emma had needed help with the fruit directly after breakfast. They ought all to have got up an hour earlier; and so on and so on. Her hard, monotonous voice pursued Jenny as she fled upstairs, wondering what joy and pleasure life brought to a woman who went through it quarrelling with everyone around her. After lunch Jenny walked to Daneswick and posted a letter to Major Charlton, telling him not to write, but to meet her on Thursday at the Days' cottage at five o'clock. She promised that she would either be there herself, or send him a message by Priscilla.

"I've got away to-day, but I may never be able to again," she said, when she met him near the quince-tree Priscilla had described. She felt shy and stiff at first, and spoke formally, offering him her hand. But that phase passed when he laughed and took her in his arms.

"I wish I could carry you off this instant," he said. "I will if you'll come."

Jenny half wished he would, but could not tell him so.

"They are getting suspicious," she narrated. "Sunday that long walk, and yesterday to Daneswick to post my letter, and to-day out by myself again. My comings and goings are under careful supervision, you know."

"I'll come here every day at the same time on the chance," he answered.

"That would never do," cried Jenny. "You would be seen, and there would be gossip. Miss Parker spies on everyone, and she is rather a friend of Mrs. Boger's."

"I might send a long cablegram to your father, explaining myself, instead

of waiting for letters. I want things settled, and above board, for both our sakes."

"What is the worst M^{rs}. Boger could do?" said Jenny pensive. "She could carry me off—abroad."

"You are not to let her. If anyone is to carry you off it's to be me."

"It is so difficult to believe that since Sunday everything has changed, that M^{rs}. Boger——"

"Oh! confound M^{rs}. Boger; don't think of her; don't speak of her. You and I are going to be married, Jenny, in a few weeks."

"In a few weeks!"

Jenny's eyes met his, radiant, but only half believing.

"Do you think I'm going to wait for ever? Besides, I want to get you away from these odious people. Where shall we go for our honeymoon?"

Jenny had no ideas and no wishes. She thought it did not matter much where her lover took her, because he himself would make her paradise. To be worshipped instead of scolded, to be petted instead of drilled, to be with him always, mistress of his house, and companion of his life; to throw off the enforced and detestable surroundings of her girlhood—all these consequences of her marriage were changes of such magnitude that they filled her imagination.

"But anything that can be done to separate us will be done," she persisted, and although he laughed at her fears he could not dissipate them. Their argument was not ended when he suddenly saw her face blanch with fright and her eyes widen. She half rose and then sank back, looking, he said to himself, as sick as a rabbit that sees a ferret. He glanced round, because he heard a heavy step crunching along the garden path, and he was neither surprised nor alarmed to see M^{rs}. Boger coming towards them. He rose to greet her, but she

only scowled darkly at him and stood silently in front of the quince-tree, as if her feelings were too much outraged to find words. Then she pointed an accusing finger at Jenny and issued a short command.

"Go home," she said.

The girl got up at once, but glanced at her companion.

"I'll see you across the common," he said hopefully.

"I wish to speak to you," M^{rs}. Boger said to him.

The young man looked from one woman to the other, not wishing either to fail Jenny or to run away from M^{rs}. Boger.

"What would you like me to do?" he said to Jenny, and let his air and voice proclaim his allegiance to her.

"Oh, stay!" she murmured, and ran from him through the garden, past the side of the Spillers' deserted cottage. As she came in front of the Days' house, M^{rs}. Day, much vexed and troubled, came out to speak to her.

"The lady walked straight past me into the garden without saying with your leave or by your leave," she said. "She came across from the Rectory. You can see all our ins and outs from their front windows."

"Never mind, M^{rs}. Day," said Jenny, trying to speak composedly. "It is just as well, perhaps."

But when she got home she told Priscilla what had happened, and Priscilla was furious.

"That Miss Parker!" she exclaimed. "I'll be bound it's her doing. Now you'll never have no peace there again, miss."

"I hadn't much to-day," said Jenny. "I hate doing things secretly."

"What will happen now, miss? Will you be engaged openly? May I tell Emma and Dinah?"

Jenny shook her head.

"Don't say a word yet to anyone,"

she counselled. "I can't tell you what will happen."

She looked so anxious and unhappy that Priscilla went beyond her place to comfort her.

"The Major will get his own way," she prophesied. "He's a man!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

"I suppose that in the army your conduct would be considered worthy of an officer and a gentleman," said Mrs. Boger.

"I hope so," said Major Charlton.

With an imperious gesture she signed to him to sit down, and sat down herself on the little wooden bench at the foot of the quince-tree. He remained standing.

"I can only say that the moral standard of the army must be even lower than I feared," she continued.

Major Charlton looked at the woman more attentively than he had ever done before. Hitherto, whenever he had seen her he had tried to avoid her, because she appeared odious, and was the mother of that objectionable cub, Archie Boger, whose pomatum, ties, curls and spats all made you want to kick him. But this evening he wanted to find out the extent of her power over Jenny, and how she was likely to use it. She had a bad-tempered face, and he judged from her manner that her conceit and her stupidity were both colossal.

"I shall be delighted to meet Miss Udall at your house in future, if you prefer it," he said.

"You are not going to meet Miss Udall at all if I can prevent it," she said.

"Why do you object to our meeting? You must know perfectly well that if Miss Udall marries me——"

Mrs. Boger waved her starers, tossed up her chin and interrupted him rudely.

"Miss Udall is going to marry my

son," she cried. "It is an old attachment. They have understood each other for years.

"You can't drive a girl into a marriage in this country," said the Major. "At least, I hope not."

"The two young people are devoted to each other," said Mrs. Boger. "They would have married a year ago, but I persuaded Archie to wait. I am half sorry now that I did. There is a light, fickle vein in Jenny that she inherits from her mother. When Mrs. Udall married she was more or less engaged to three different men; but she settled down."

"Did you know Mrs. Udall?"

"By sight and reputation. We lived in the same town."

"Well," said the Major, "I must be getting back to dinner." And he lifted his hat.

"You don't believe me!" exclaimed Mrs. Boger, sallow and trembling with wrath.

The Major smiled.

"But if you think I will allow these clandestine meetings between a young lady under my care and in my house and a man of your kind, you little know me. I'll lock her up, I'll take her away, rather than let her get into such disgraceful mischief."

Major Charlton did not want to show his hand. He would not tell the woman that he was engaged to Jenny, or that he meant to cable to her father this afternoon and write by the next Indian mail. His chief concern just now was to deflect Mrs. Boger's wrath from Jenny's head to his own.

"There is no need to lock anyone up," he said easily. "I'll keep out of the way for the present. I shall get my innings some day, no doubt."

"I don't trust you," said Mrs. Boger. "A man who will entrap a girl of nineteen into a clandestine meeting with the connivance of cottagers will do anything. If the Vicar knew his duty

he would have the Days turned out of the parish. I am going to tell Mrs. Day what I think of her; and as for her daughter——"

Mrs. Boger tramped along the weedy garden path until she came to the shed where Mrs. Day sat plucking a fowl. The Major followed her, and at the sight of him Mrs. Day rose politely.

"How dare you make your garden a meeting-place for this gentleman and Miss Udall?" began Mrs. Boger abruptly.

"My garden is my own," said Mrs. Day.

"You'll find that the Vicar doesn't think so. Miss Parker is going to speak to him about it."

"If the Vicar was like his sister he'd always be in hot water," said Mrs. Day. "But he minds his own business, and everyone respects him."

"Certainly," said the Major.

"What do you get for it?" said Mrs. Boger, with a sudden gust of anger that inflamed her face. Major Charlton's coolness infuriated her, and she was rapidly passing the point at which she had any self-control. She knew her position was weak, and yet she had set her whole mind for years on securing Jenny's money for her son. She could not face the fact that her aims were in jeopardy and at the same time keep her head.

"What does he pay you and your daughter?" she bellowed, putting her face close to Mrs. Day and intimidating her by her bulk and her bullying voice.

"Come, come!" said Major Charlton. "You mustn't say things like that, Mrs. Boger. You're in Mrs. Day's garden without an invitation, remember. She'll ask you to go out of it if you're not more careful."

"I never asked her to come into it," said Mrs. Day. "My garden belongs to me just as much as Dane House belongs to you, m'm."

"You're an impertinent woman."

Mrs. Day sat down to her chicken again, perturbed, but silent. Mrs. Boger, muttering threats of vengeance and allusions to Priscilla, departed. The Major lingered a moment.

"I am very sorry you've been annoyed, Mrs. Day," he said, with some hesitation.

"You're quite welcome, sir," said Mrs. Day rather stiffly.

Then the Major departed too, feeling vexed and uncomfortable. He wondered what would happen to Jenny after this, and how soon he would be able to take her out of the claws of that insufferable woman. He had not gone far along the road leading to Daneswick and the post office from which he meant to cable when he overtook Priscilla, who to oblige Dinah was out on a Thursday instead of a Saturday. He stopped to speak to her.

"I'm afraid that Mrs. Boger's angry with you and your mother," he said.

"We can bear it, sir," said Priscilla placidly.

"But you'll be wanting a place, won't you? And a character? Or are you going to be married?"

"Not that I know of, sir," said Priscilla, blushing.

"Well, if you want a place let me know. I'll speak to my housekeeper. I daresay she could make room for you."

"Thank you, sir, I'd like to come, but Miss Udall, she does wish me to stay at Dane House as long as she's there."

"I say—they're not unkind to her, are they?"

"What do you call unkind? They worry her."

"Do they? In what way?"

"It's that Mr. Archie. Miss Udall hates him as if he was rats, and he's always after her."

The Major looked reflectively at Priscilla.

"You're a sensible girl," he said.

"Pretty well, sir," she admitted.

"You stick to Miss Udall, and if they worry her much let me know, will you?"

"Yes, sir."

"They won't send you away suddenly, I suppose?"

"I can't say what Mrs. Boger will do. To-morrow I'm going to the Vicarage to help at the garden-party. They'll keep me for that, I expect. Shall you be there, sir?"

"Yes," said Major Charlton. "I shall be there; but not till rather late. I have a meeting first. You might tell Miss Udall that I forgot."

The Major walked on quickly and was soon out of sight. The road began to lead through a small scrubby wood that Priscilla did not like by dark, but braved on this summer evening, when she knew that at any moment Harry might meet her. It was nearly seven o'clock now, and they were going to walk into Daneswick together and have supper with his parents. Mrs. Masters had been very friendly to Priscilla for a long time, and John Masters showed signs of coming round. When Harry did speak Priscilla did not anticipate any resistance from his parents, and she was thinking of her own affairs with a happy glow when someone as quick and stealthy as a cat pounced on her from the scrub, put one hand round her waist and the other over her eyes, and kissed her over and over again.

"Got you this time, my beauty," said Archie Boger, and Priscilla would never have given his weedy-looking arms credit for as much strength as he put forth now to prevent her from getting away. She screamed loudly and tried to hit out at him, but he had both her wrists in his hands, and only laughed at her. They swayed to and fro on the road, for he did his best to drag her to the edge of the wood, and

she, heated and dishevelled, looked desperately for Harry, tried to keep her footing and, when she could find breath, called out for help. She had her back to Daneswick when Harry Masters, hearing a cry, came into the road from a field path, and was on them before Archie Boger could escape. The next moment Harry had pulled him away from Priscilla, and had given him half-a-dozen sharp blows across his shoulders with the stick he carried. The young man squealed with pain and fury, Priscilla was sobbing with fright, Harry was using language to Archie Boger that was more expressive than polite.

"I've a good mind to run you straight to the police station and give you in charge," he said. "You're a nuisance to the neighborhood."

But the sight of Priscilla, tearful and lonely, led him to change his mind.

"Get home," he said, shaking him roughly; "and don't come across me again. I'll give you a thrashing you won't forget next time."

"You'll hear of this one," said Archie, scowling evilly. "If you think a gentleman is going to sit down and let a cad like you—"

"I've not laid hands on a gentleman that I know of," said Harry, and turned his back on the youth, who slunk off, muttering threats.

"Oh, Harry, what have you done?" exclaimed Priscilla, still sobbing violently. "Won't he have the law of you?"

"Not he."

"But suppose he did—would they put you in prison?"

"No fear. There isn't a magistrate on the bench that doesn't know me, and my word would hold agin' his. He's a bad egg, Priscilla, and it's time you left the house."

"I expect she'll give me notice to-morrow anyhow."

"What for?"

"Miss Udall wanted to see Major

Charlton, so I asked mother to let them meet in our garden, and they did, and that old Mrs. Boger found them there."

"They are keepin' company then?"

"They are engaged; but no one is to know it till the letter comes from India from Miss Udall's father."

"But now your old woman knows it!"

Priscilla was not sure. She had only seen Miss Udall for a moment, just before she came out, she said.

"You mustn't come that way by yourself again," said Harry. "You must stick to the common and the main road."

"Must I?"

"Yes. I mightn't be there another time!"

Harry still looked hard with anger, and Priscilla looked white and tearful. They waited for some time beside each other, silent and brooding.

"What's the good of vermin like that?" asked Harry suddenly. "Why can't they be exterminated like we do stoats and weasels?"

"Don't think about him," said Priscilla.

"I'd like you to come straight away from that house."

"I can't do that."

"Why not? What's to hinder you?"

"I've promised Major Charlton to stand by Miss Udall."

"When did you promise that?"

"Just now. He overtook me and spoke to me. He's very vexed about Miss Udall, and he says if I want a place——"

"You don't want one," said Harry.

"But I shall when I leave Dane House."

"I want a wife then," said Harry. "The sooner the better."

He stood still in the road for a moment and looked at her.

"You've altered a bit, but not so very much since you were a little nipper

with a black fluff of hair and a scarlet cap, and I bought you some buns. All the time you lived with us I thought what a nice kid you were, and then when I met you again, and saw how you'd grown up—— I s'pose I've always been fond of you really, Priscilla, without exactly knowin' it."

"Same here," said Priscilla, a little tearful still, but smiling through her tears.

"But won't your father and mother mind?" she asked presently.

"Why should they?"

"Won't your friends throw it up to you, that you've married a skivvy?"

"No; they won't," said Harry, setting his chin square and firm.

At ten o'clock Jenny Udall was brushing her own hair when she heard a gentle tap at her door, and Priscilla, still in her white blouse and summer hat, looked into the room.

"I haven't waited to change, miss," she said apologetically. "I was so afraid you'd be in bed."

"Come in, Priscilla," said Jenny. "How happy and wide awake you look. I've had such a miserable evening. Come in and make me happy too."

"He's spoken, miss."

"Your young man, Priscilla?"

"Yes; and his parents are agreeable. At least his mother is, and his father says he must have his own way, and we are going to be married as soon as we can. I wonder whether you or me will be married first, miss."

"You will," said Jenny gloomily.

"Mrs. Boger and I are going abroad."

"Going abroad? When, miss?"

"At once. In a day or two."

"But what will the Major say?"

"He won't like it, of course."

"But why do you go, miss?"

"What can I do, Priscilla? I'm not my own mistress, and I've no money."

"Well! I wouldn't go if I was you," said Priscilla. "Is that Mr. Archie going with you?"

"I suppose so."

"My young man put his stick across his shoulders to-day," said Priscilla.

"What!" cried Jenny, and listened to Priscilla's narrative with disgust and amazement.

"My young man wishes me to leave the house as soon as possible," Priscilla concluded.

"I don't wonder," said Jenny.

"But I told him I couldn't think of it while you wanted me to stay; and I won't unless Mrs. Boger turns me out."

"I don't know whether she means to

shut up the house or to let it furnished," said Jenny dreamily.

"She isn't gone yet," said Priscilla.

"The Major, he told me to let him know at once if they meant mischief, so he must know about this. I call it kidnappin', or next door to it. Why don't you go straight to Willeston Park and stay there, miss? I would, before I'd be dragged away. Once you get abroad who's to know what happens to you?"

"I don't know what their powers are," said Jenny. "I wish I did."

(To be concluded.)

ODE TO WAR.

I.

On that long day when England held her breath,
Suddenly gripped at heart
And called to choose her part
Between her loyal soul and luring sophistries,
We watched the wide, green-bosomed land beneath
Driven and tumultuous skies;
We watched the volley of white shower after shower
Desolate with fierce drops the fallen flower;
And still the rain's retreat
Drew glory on its track,
And still, when all was darkness and defeat,
Upon dissolving cloud the bow of peace shone back.
So in our hearts was alternating beat,
With very dread elate;
And Earth dyed all her day in colors of our fate.

II.

But oh, how faint the image we foretold
In fancies of our fear
Now that the truth is here
And we awake from dream, yet think it still a dream.
It bursts our thoughts with more than thought can hold;
And more than human seem
These agonies of conflict; Elements
At war! yet not with vast indifference
Casually crushing; nay,
It is as if were hurled
Lightnings that murdered, seeking out their prey;
As if an earthquake shook to chaos half the world,
Equal in purpose as in power to slay;

And thunder stunned our ears
Streaming in rain of blood on torrents that are tears.

III.

Around a planet rolls the drum's alarm.
Far where the summer smiles
Upon the utmost isles,
Danger is treading silent as a fever-breath.
Now in the North the secret waters arm;
Under the wave is Death:
They fight in the very air, the virgin air,
Hovering on fierce wings to the onset: there
Nations to battle stream;
Earth smokes and cities burn;
Heaven thickens in a storm of shells that scream;
The long lines shattering break, turn and again return;
And still across a continent they teem,
Moving in myriads; more
Than ranks of flesh and blood, but soul with soul at war!

IV.

All the hells are awake: the old serpents hiss
From dungeons of the mind;
Fury of hate born blind,
Madness and lust, despairs and treacheries unclean;
They shudder up from man's most dark abyss.
But there are heavens serene
That answer strength with strength; they stand secure;
They arm us from within, and we endure.
Now are the brave more brave,
Now is the cause more dear,
The more the tempests of the darkness rave,
As, when the sun goes down, the shining stars are clear.
Radiant the spirit rushes to the grave.
Glorious it is to live
In such an hour, but life is lovelier yet to give.

V.

Alas! what comfort for the uncomforted,
Who knew no cause, nor sought
Glory or gain? they are taught,
Homeless in homes that burn, what human hearts can bear.
The children stumble over their dear dead,
Wandering they know not where.
And there is one who simply fights, obeys,
Tramps, till he loses count of nights and days,
Tired, mired in dust and sweat,
Far from his own hearth-stone;
A common man of common earth, and yet
The battle-winner he, a man of no renown,
Where food for cannon pays a nation's debt.
This is Earth's hero, whom
The pride of Empire tosses careless to his doom.

VI.

Now will we speak, while we have eyes for tears
And fibres to be wrung
And in our mouths a tongue.
We will bear wrongs untold, but will not only bear;
Not only bear, but build through striving years
The answer of our prayer,
That whosoever has the noble name
Of man shall not be yoked to alien shame;
That life shall be indeed
Life, not permitted breath
Of spirits wrenched and forced to other's need,
Robbed of their nature's joy and free alone in death.
The world shall travail in that cause, shall bleed;
But deep in hope it dwells
Until the morning break which the long night foretells.

VII.

O children filled with your own airy glee,
Or with a grief that comes
So swift, so strange, it numbs,
If on your growing youth this page of terror bite,
Harden not then your senses, feel and be
The promise of the light.
O heirs of Man, keep in your hearts not less
The divine torrents of his tenderness!
'Tis ever war: but rust
Grows on the sword; the tale
Of earth is strewn with empires heaped in dust
Because they dreamed that force should punish and prevail.
The will to kindness lives beyond their lust;
Their grandeurs are undone:
Deep, deep within man's soul are all his victories won.

Laurence Binyon.

The Fortnightly Review.

POPULAR POETRY.*

Popular poetry is a vague phrase that needs a close scrutiny. In a certain sense it is a contradiction in terms. Any kind of popularity—even in the narrowest use of the word—implies an aggregate. The unit of such an aggregate is, roughly, "the man in

the street"—a man so situated, that is, as to permit a more aloof spectator, at some intellectual upper window, "to look down on him." We one and all of us exist by virtue of our resemblances to our fellow-creatures, but in a sense we flourish as individuals by virtue of

*1 "English History in Contemporary Poetry." Five volumes. No. i.—The Fourteenth Century. By Professor Herbert Bruce, M.A. No. ii.—Lancaster and York: 1399 to 1485. By Charles Lethbridge Kingsford, M.A. No. iii.—The Tudor Monarchy: 1485 to 1588. By N. L. Frazer, M.A. No. iv.—Court and Parliament: 1588 to 1688. By Professor F. J. C. Hearnshaw, M.A., LL.D. No. v.—The Eighteenth Century. By Miss C. L. Thomson, F.R. Hist.S. Bell, 1914.

2 "Oxford Garlands." Five volumes:—Patriotic LIVING AGE VOL. LXV. 3419

Poems; Love Poems; Religious Poems; Sonnets; Poems on Sport. Selected by R. M. Leonard. Oxford University Press, 1914.

3 "Broad-Sheet Ballads." Being a Collection of Irish Popular Songs, with an Introduction by Padraic Colum. Maunsell, 1914.

4 "The Sea's Anthology." From the Earliest Times down to the Middle of the Nineteenth Century. Compiled and Edited with Notes, Introduction, and an Appendix by J. E. Patterson. Heinemann, 1913.

our differences from them. Few are so spiritually homeless as to have no isolated pinnacle from which in self-satisfaction to survey the groundlings. None is so spiritually unique as not to be compelled to descend at times, and to become a mere unit in the busy, heedless multitude of humanity that swarms in the by-ways and crowds about the booths of Vanity Fair. At any rate, it is as well to remember that in the very use of the word "popular," or "popularity," we are tacitly arrogating to ourselves some kind of a superiority. As often as not it is the specialist's, the spectator's, easiest means of shrugging his shoulders at the mob.

A poet is in much the same relationship to the majority of his fellow-creatures as in his most poetic moments he is to himself. The more universal the poetic consciousness, the wider its range of imaginative insight and sympathy. The more individual and isolated, the less likely it is to win what may be called a popular appreciation. The highest poetry indeed reveals a penetration, a power of vision, a mystical sense beyond the reach of any but its maker to grasp in their completeness. Blake, for instance, is in such a solitude. Take that amazing poem, his "War Song to Englishmen," included in Mr. Leonard's anthology of "Patriotic Poems":

"Whose fatal scroll is that? Methinks
'tis mine!

Why sinks my heart, why faltereth my
tongue?

Had I three lives, I'd die in such a
cause,

And rise, with ghosts, over the well-
fought field.

Prepare, prepare!

The arrows of Almighty God are
drawn!

Angels of death stand in the lowering
heavens!

Thousands of souls must seek the
realms of light,

And walk together on the clouds of
heaven!

Prepare, prepare!" . . .

Are these angels the angels of "Rule, Britannia"; these ghosts "the forms unseen" who sing the dirge of the brave, blest, in death, by their country's wishes? Did any heart ever sink as sinks this heart? Has any human eye other than Blake's scanned those lowering heavens? Has any heart other than Shakespeare's shuddered at death's "thick-ribb'd ice"? Though all poets, then, share in a general distinction, they differ more sharply and intrinsically from one another than do ordinary mortals, as much, at any rate, as Dick in love differs from Harry enamored, and both of them from Tom a-cold upon the wild and crooked borders of Bedlam. We think of Donne, of Shelley, of Keats, of Coleridge. Their words have proved them poets. Their words no less clearly have revealed personalities as far sundered from each other as it is possible for human personalities to be. The lower we get in the scale as regards poetic achievement, the less essential, the less spiritual becomes the distinction. And Wordsworth, a supreme poet in his supreme hours, when the sovereign impulse falls him and he is merely pursuing the habit of writing verse, differs from Byron, similarly engaged, only as much and as accidentally as the general outside look of a clergyman differs from that of a man about town. Certainly no more arid monotony of appearance could be discovered than that shared by all mere elegant poetasters. The uninspired son of the prophet is not aggrandized, but eclipsed, by the mantle of Elisha.

In popular poetry, therefore, it would be natural to find expressed and reflected such qualities of mind and heart in their natural relation and balance as we are conscious of in our worka-

day selves and in ordinary men and women. But still those qualities heightened and enriched by the rarer emotions, the rarer enthusiasms. Only a small proportion of the poems in the anthologies compiled by Mr. Leonard and by Mr. Patterson can be in this sense really popular. The majority of their selections are essential poetry, and essential poetry appeals not to the many but to the few. As the scale of excellence descends—when sentiment sweetens into sentimentality, pathos melts into tearfulness, romance thins into romanticism, pure thought becomes vague and diffuse—the audience increases. Moore and Longfellow will always attract a wider circle of readers than can Marvell or Coleridge. The best survives of its own pure virtue. The less excellent slowly fades, because each generation in turn can substitute for it the poetic expression of its own passing fashions, thoughts, and ideals. The simplest, most rudimentary poetry, however, has a fascination all its own. Whatever beauty, naturalness, vigor, gaiety it may possess are none the less precious because they can be universally appreciated and enjoyed. The briar rose is but “a worky-day fortune,” but welcome in the dust and heat. And, as Hurrell Froude wrote in his essay on “The Causes of the Superior Excellence of the Poetry of Rude Ages,” “In the effusions of uncultivated minds there is a sort of transparency in every word; and we can trace the genuine emotions of the heart in every epithet and simile.” Such crude effusions may of course jag the edge of an exquisite culture, but there is at any rate abundant evidence to prove that the greatest of all poets, the creator of Snug and Bottom and Audrey and Doll and Mouldy and Costard and Verges, delighted in and laughed at the raw, racy, virgin earthiness of every popular poem that came his way. Hamlet himself

had by heart “Jepha, Judge of Israel”:
 “When Jepha did perceive and see
 His daughter firm and foremostly,
 He rent his clothes and tore his haire,
 And shrieked out most piteously,
 ‘For thou art she’ (quoth he)
 ‘Hath brought me low, alas for woe,
 And troubled me so,
 That I cannot tell what to doe, to
 doe.’”

Ophelia’s rosemary was plucked from “A nosegale alwaies sweet” of verse, and Sir Toby Belch knew by rhymed hearsay of “a man in Babylon” with a wife of the name of Susanna. Is there indeed a play of Shakespeare’s that is not enriched by some old tag of doggerel and song? “Scorn not the sonnet, critic,” pleaded Wordsworth, but in actual fact the critic in the abstract is apt to fall victim to a less venial, a more mortal sin. He is courtesy itself to any exotic, to any plant of intensive and exquisite culture. He wastes neither time nor pains on the rough, lawless, overgrown field of popular poetry.

That field is certainly a good deal obstructed with weeds. But, good grain and indifferent, it bears three distinct crops:—poetry (intended by cultivated and well-meaning writers) for the people, poetry (whatever its motive) written to the people, and poetry written by the people. The first of these kinds is usually of an instructive and moralizing order. Inspired by the best of motives, it is apt to have a slightly condescending or pedagogic tone. During his lifetime its author may enjoy an applause so sonorous that the whisper of criticism is hushed. He dies; and the dust of oblivion softly enshrouds his numbers. Lovers of the antique and curious may still read Tusser’s “Goode Pointes of Husbandrie and Husserie,” Phineas Fletcher’s “Purple Island,” Erasmus Darwin’s “Loves of the Plants,” and reap the reward of the diligent. But the bread of the feast is now a little dry,

the sack has all but evaporated. And though one memory at least retains from a far-away childhood a reverberating fragment of sound sense from a once popular didactic poet:—"A letter timely writ is a Rivet in the Chain of Affection: a Letter untimely delayed is as Rust to the Solder,"—the name of Tupper is now even more proverbial than his philosophy. Pope and Crabbe, Matthew Arnold and Mrs. Hemans, Tennyson—the greater poets in their less poetic moments, the lesser poets more or less habitually—exhibit this tendency. And Milton himself, had he not been a supreme poet, would have remained a tyrannous theologian.

It is the assured acquisition of "a public," aided perhaps by the treacheries of age, that dulls the fire of young imagination and sets beauty astray. The laurel is a poisonous plant. People who flourish on sermons—in prose or verse, who live to be edified, are legion, and the lure of the pulpit is insidious. Mr. Kipling is a man of genius. His verse is loaded with its ore. But would his poetry alone, freed from the comminatory and from every trace of the nine and thirty Articles of Imperialism, have so seized on the national attention? The Empire's debt, and that a considerable one—but essential poetry is rare. Miss Ella Wheeler Wilcox, too, whose genius is less apparent, but who counts her readers as Samson counted the slaughtered Philistines, is primarily a preacher. Even her poems of "passion" must allure fewer victims than her New Thought. Elevating verse tends towards the tract on the one hand, the hymn on the other, and each has its virtue and office. Both are enormously popular; but neither is necessarily related to poetry. For in spite of Dennis's conviction that "sacred poems must be greater than profane ones can be, supposing equality of genius and equal art in the writers," Johnson's

view is the sounder:—"Let no pious ear be offended if I advance, in opposition to many authorities that poetical devotion cannot often please . . . All that pious verse can do is to help the memory and delight the ear, and for these purposes it may be very useful, but it supplies nothing to the mind."

As for the poetry written to the people and by the people, that, too, supplies uncommonly little to the *mind*. "The thing itself rather than thoughts about it" is its objective. It is more physical than spiritual. It does not educate; it shares. There was indeed a time when such poetry "was a greater force than the newspaper," when it was a true reflection of the national consciousness. An admirable series, "English History in Contemporary Poetry," recently published by the Historical Association, affords an excellent bird's-eye view of this poetry in its relation to public events. Its activities were by no means in obvious proportion to its opportunities. The loss of Calais, the Spanish Armada, the voyagings of the Elizabethan seamen—all that awakening of wonder, that broadening of man's conception of the world—seem to have been left practically unrecorded; though the Gunpowder Plot fired many a squib in rhyme, and Drake was enshrined in a ballad:—

"Then came the Lord Chamberlain
with his white staff,
And all the people began to laugh,
And then the Queen began to speak,
'You are welcome home, Sir Francis
Drake.'"

The later writers were political poets, or professional politicians, with a (limited) gift for verse. The poet as such, high or humble, has always been more concerned with his own private life, "with the sufferings of Hell, the joys of Heaven, the Seven Deadly Sins, and the like," than with the

desiccated facts of the historian. From the days of Gower and of *Piers Plowman* to those of Burns and Barnes and Clare and Bloomfield and Ebenezer Elliott there has been an almost continuous stream of poetry concerned with the common difficulties, hopes and fears and aspirations of the people. History almost tediously repeats itself; human experience never. Everyman renews in himself the great heart that suffers, must face that strange, perplexing, astonishingly vivid novelty, life. All tarred with the same brush, Englishmen have never languished for want of a grievance. The woes of the past are the social problems of the present. Professor Herbert Bruce has compiled from contemporary poetry an extensive catalogue of fourteenth-century wrongs and scandals. None of them is unfamiliar to the twentieth—the pride, luxury, and selfishness of the rich, "Whereas with harpes, lutes, and giternes they daunce and pleye at dees bothe day and night"; the craftiness of lawyers; the quackery of doctors; the worldliness of the clergy. Five centuries ago unemployment sighed in vain for the Labor Bureau; the payment of Members of Parliament was already a bone of contention. Even in the Ark "upstart gentlemen" and their ladies, who could neither delve nor spin, were probably to be seen, rocked on the flood, and dining off "parcel gilt." Kings and governments may come and go, the man in the street goes on for ever. A congress of his representatives, of "the crowds of kerb and rut," from all the ruinous cities the world has ever seen—Tyre, Thebes, Babylon, Nineveh—would soon be at home together. The Tower of Babel itself must have been raised to the strains of a popular song.

Within twenty years of the invention of printing the French press foamed with the nation's poetical tracts, farces and *contes*. The English

produced the "Broadside," which from its first high office of scattering royal proclamations and papal indulgences, soon sank to the trade of disseminating doggerel. And doggerel is best not read in the lump. A rough examination, however, of such a collection as "Black Letter Ballads" and "Broad-sides," of the date 1559-1597, proves, what one might expect, that Martin Tupper and Miss Willcox are in the direct line of popular poets. Godly and pleasant posies of exhortation abound. Many of these derive their unction from monstrosities. Edification and gloating curiosity strive for mastery.

"Come neere, good Christians all,
Behold a monster rare,
Whose monstrous shape, no doubt,
fortels

God's wrath we should beware. . . ."

The first shark seen in Billyngesgate, in June 1569, moved no man to point a moral or adorn the tale, though every tortured limb of the offspring of "a naughty pack of Maydstone" (born at seven o'clock on a Sunday, too) inspired a caustic jeremiad. Muche Hookesleye and Chichester also supplied such opportunities. But divine wrath on these occasions visited parents of honest and quiet conversation, though Mrs. Anthony Smith of Hookesleye had a narrow escape. The "Balade of a Priest that loste his nose For sayinge of a masse, as I suppose," and "The brainles blessing of a Bull" are examples of another obvious variety. Three familiar stories are included, Patient Grissill's Maudlin's (the merchant's daughter of Bristol), and the lamentable history (in forty-one lumbering stanzas) of the fair Widow of Watling Street, her three daughters, and her "ungratious" son. Ravens picked out the eyes at last of this boweless young man. But in spite of this tragic *dénouement* there is a faint but unmistakable flavor of Jane

Austen about him. Fire, plague, tempest, murder and sudden death win due recognition. As regards love, there is no rumor of Donne's "Love's mysteries in souls do grow," of Campion's "fair sun," of Shelley's "Life of life"; but there is at least one little song with a haunting onset,—

"Adewe, sweete Harte, adewe!

Syth we must part!

To lose the loue of you

It greaves my harte."

For the rest, we have "As pleasant a dittle as your hart can wish, shewing what vnkindness befell by a kisse," a ditty which is perhaps just "worth a beane." The "merie" ballads, the ditties delightful are always emphatically distinguished from the "proper" ballads and "sonnets." They are of the kind usually specified in literary circles as "licentious." Their humor is broad and British, the tang distinctly pungent. Well might the author of the "Counterblast" inquire,—
"Tel me, is Christ or Cupide lord?
Doth God or Venus raigne?" But such things are wholesomeness itself compared with the semi-genteel jocosities of the "Pills to Purge Melancholy," collected by Charles II.'s *protégé*, Thomas D'Urfey. Addison found D'Urfey a cheerful, honest, good-natured man and a diverting companion. His own modest claim to attention was "a double Genius for *Poetry* and *Musick*." That genius mainly consisted of an impeccable nose for such "old pieces" for "the publick Stock" as would be likely to beguile the Lords, Ladies, and Gentry of his time in their "merry and vacant hours"—hours that may have been merry but must have been very vacant.

"Come, buy my new Ballad,

I hav't in my Wallet,

But 'twill not, I fear, please every
pallat."

Railing wives, "jolly" town-rakes,
"kind" ladies, "wanton" shepherdesses,

the "joys" of beggary—the characters, subjects, pathos, humor, wit, and, above all, the style of these pieces, prove that when English poetry sank to its most stagnant ebb in the eighteenth century the popular ballads of the late seventeenth were the flotsam that rotted on its fringe. Such a phrase as "My Handsome Gilderoy," such a line as "As I walk'd forth one summer's day," a piece of rollicking braggadocio like Jordan's "Let's drink and be mery, Dance, Joke and Re-joice," suggest a soul of some kind of goodness, but one soon realizes that neither fine lady nor coy dairymaid is likely to be, as was Lady Godiva, "much abash'd in mind" by any "strange demand," and only one kind of adventure awaits the fatuous gallant. D'Urfey was a parasite. Most of his balladists were fry of even less specific gravity than the doggerelizers who were to set the streets of a later London ringing with "*Viva Victoria*" and "Lovely Albert," with "Vilkins and his Dinah" and "The One-horse Shay." And modern taste would prefer any kind of melancholy to the sugar, even, of his pills.

Thomas Evans and his son were true enthusiasts. They anticipated the scrupulous editorship of our own day, were intent only on "the legitimate productions of our early Minstrels." Ritson is gravely rebuked in their Advertisement for his vulgar abuse of Bishop Percy, but all that venerable prelate's additions and emendations in the text of his "*Reliques*" are severely expurgated. The Evanses rifled the Roxburghe and Pepys collections, commandeering many old "rarities," and their four volumes of "*Old Ballads*" are a feast of Englishness. Jovial blades and shrews and toppers, marriageable young ladies of fourteen, calculating and imbecile virgins, jealous wives, doltish husbands, and the like, may be encountered in their pages.

But there is no gloss of gentility, no patronizing smirk. These ballads are faithful copies of the old full-flavored wares of the ballad-monger. Here and there the clear and solitary flower of some exquisite little poem breaks the clod, the Coventry Carol, a slumber-song of 1530, a lullaby from "The Pleasant Comodie of Patient Grissil," "Golden slumbers kisse your eyes." These are rare. But the earth is good English earth, grows hawthorn and the Maypole's greenery. Now it is "York, York for my monie"; now "The Stout Cripple of Cornwall," "The Wanton Wife of Bath" hobnobs with the "Marchant's Sonne of London," the beggar wench of Hull, the false-hearted lass of Limehouse, and fair Susan of Somersetshire. Elizabeth's Essex and Henry's six queens are guests with Samson and Bathsheba. A dead man tells of his journey:

"The bells rung out, my friends came in,

And I key cold was found,
Then was my carcase brought from bed

And cast upon the ground."

This key-cold shade forthwith enters a city of pearls and diamonds, of houses tiled and overlaid with beaten gold, of uncankerable gilly-flowers and carnations, of music, mirth and melody, and then his "fair young man" turns him round about to view "the other side" and its inhabitants, including a particularly ugly corpse:

"About his neck were fiery ruffs,

That flamed on every side;

I ask'd, and lo! the young man said,
That he was damn'd for pride. . . ."

Our forefathers were men of a vigorous stomach. They revelled in phantasmal pitch and brimstone and could enjoy no less the unimaginary horrors of the last hours of Arden of Feversham and of Edward II., precisely as their descendants enjoyed the melodrama of Crippen, the epic of Charles Peace. An occasional orgy of

silliness was just as welcome. "A Courtly New Ballad of the princely Wooing of the fair maid of London by King Edward" is this silliness in *excelsis*. "The Phoenix so famous that liveth alone," argues the royal schemer, "Is vowed to chastity, being but one." He promises promotion and honor. He is candid.

"Two brides young and princely to church I have led,
Two ladies most lovely have decked my bed."

But his "darling" is adamant, "O wanton King Edward, thy labor is vain," and there is nothing left for her to do but to commit her "sad burial" to an England that in life could afford her "no comforts." Or take another piece of succulent absurdity:

"Then in his shirt of cambrick,
With silks most richly wrought,
This worthy London 'prentice
Was from the prison brought,
And to the lions given
To staunch their hunger great,
Which had not eat in ten days' space
Not one small bit of meat. . . ."

This bold young man finally converted the Grand Turk to a true respect for England by thrusting his arms into the monsters' throats and tearing their hearts asunder. All this crudeness is of a genuine naïveté, thickly gilded with romance. These ingenuous balladists, whoever they were, had at least one indispensable poetic faculty: they make us *see* what is going on, however incredible or rudimentary such goings-on may be. "Society News" to-day links the classes with the masses. Never revels multi-millionaire in a manner befitting his money-bags but Lazarus is fed on the (printed) crumbs next morning. In the old days, ballad and broadside kept rich and poor more truly in touch. They humanize, live into, their great folk, though they prefer them in adversity. Many are the stories in

"sound Dunstable doggerel" of such headlong lamentable falls from fame and splendor as that of the "unfortunate concubine Rosamond," doleful Anne Boleyn, and "the Dutchess of Gloucester, wife to good Duke Humphrey":

"The silver Thames, that sweetly
pleas'd mine eye,
Procur'd me golden thoughts of
majesty;
The kind content and murmurs of the
water
Made me forget the woes that would
come after." (!)

"My coaches and my stately pampers'd
steeds,
Well furnish'd in their gold-betrapped
weeds,
With gentle glidings in the summer
nights,
Still yielded me the evening's sweet
delights. . ."

And then the duchess's noble lord, disgraced and cast into prison, is murdered in his sleep. But though Ellinor is turned out of door she will "a lady still remain"—a perfect lady—and she practises witchcraft:

"Red streaming blood fell down my
azur'd veins,
To make characters in round circled
stains;
With dead men's skulls, by brimstone
burned quite,
To raise the dreadful shadows of the
night. . ."

But heaven routs even these black arts, and Ellinor is doomed, sheeted and barefoot, to walk each London street in penance. That accomplished, for full nineteen years she pines vainly in the Isle of Man for Greenwich towers, and her decease is truly lyrical:

"Ring out my knell, you birds in top
of sky;
Quite tir'd with woes, here Ellinor
must die.
Receive me, earth, into thy gentle
womb;

A banish'd lady craves no other
tomb. . ."

These old ballad-writers sang of war on land and on sea as lustily as they sang of love and murder and monstrosities, of God's wrath and His mercy, of wreck and tempest, pressgang and cannibal feast, Tom Thumb and Robin Hood. All in good season they could troll the nefarious Lillibullero, and "Here's a health" and "O what's the rhyme to porringer?" and "Up and rin awa', Willie," with just such a gusto as, in the most triumphant retreat in our English annals, our British soldiers the other day sang coolness and endurance into their hearts to the wistful, haunting strains of "It's a long way to Tipperary." Bluff, devil-may-care feats of braggart and fool-hardiness, enriched with the ripest sentiment, in halting or headlong marrowy metre, never failed to take their fancy—single combats, prince against prince, man against many, ship against fleet. They particularly enjoyed ecstatic reunions—when handsome Sal in male attire flings herself upon the surcharged bosom of her long-lost mariner. They loved beauty and innocence, but rather in the tangible form of sweetheart and children than in the abstract of the metaphysical poets. They had their earnest doubts at times regarding their immortal souls, their fits of remorse in dense ashes and the harshest sackcloth, but in ease and plenty they were more concerned with their mortal bodies. "Tis often I sat on my true love's knee," runs "Shuile Agra" from Mr. Padraic Colum's delightful anthology, with "stockings of silk, and shoes of fine green leather"; and Jack of Portsmouth trolls reply:

"And when we come to Portsmouth,
With a girl on each knee
We'll spend our money cheerfully
And then again to sea. . ."

And when it comes to the end of all

things, however abrupt and unforeseen, it must be faced with the quiet exemplary courage of the poacher who avenged the death of his mate, poor Bill Brown, or of Larry on the night before he was "stretched":

"I'm sorry, dear Larry," says I,
 "To see you in this situation;
 And, blister my limbs if I lie,
 I'd as lieve it had been my own
 station."

"Ochone! it's all over," says he,
 'For the neck-cloth I'll be forced to
 put on,
 And by this time to-morrow you'll see
 Your poor Larry as dead as a
 mutton,
 Because, why, his courage was
 good. . ."

Whatever the warp may be—and it is astonishingly various—the woof of this true old poetry of the people is the same: coarse, vigorous, gaudy and enduring. And the life of the nation is woven in with its threads. Is there any hope or prospect of the active continuance of this tradition? Has cheap journalism dealt it a mortal blow? Is Mr. Anon at last gone to his grave under the cypress tree? For, unless his spirit is immortal, this balladry of chapbook and broadside, with all its unsophisticated charms, its defiance of technical finish, is doomed to take its place among the dead languages. Poets are of no particular class or birth. Henry VIII. was something of a poet, Villon was something of a thief. But the Republic of Letters at least tends towards an aristocracy; genius will ever go its own strange, lonely way. And though of recent years many volumes of verse have been published with an avowed but purely accidental claim to public interest based on the fact that their writers have sprung direct from the people, their intrinsic merit has for the most part been a literary one. The common weakness of such verse—a tendency

towards the rhetorical, the "poetical," the introspective—is literary too. Is a deliberate return to an old and bygone manner practicable, desirable? Can a bridge be built between the exquisite and the homely, and the grown-up enjoy his nursery rhymes? Is it indeed within the power of the conscious craftsman, versed in the complete cult of syzygy, epanaphora, and enjambment, to fling off his embroidered singing robes and turn Old Adam again? Mr. Yeats long since cast a yearning glance in this direction. "My work," he writes in a brief essay entitled "Personality and the Intellectual Essences,"

"My work in Ireland has continually set the thought before me: 'How can I make my work mean something to vigorous and simple men whose attention is not given to art but to a shop, or teaching in a National School, or dispensing medicine?' . . . In England . . . one only escapes from crudities and temporary interests among students, but here there is a right audience could one but get its ears . . . There are two ways before literature—upward into evergrowing subtlety, with Verhaeren, with Mallarmé, with Maeterlinck, until at last, it may be, a new agreement among refined and studious men gives birth to a new passion, and what seems literature becomes religion; or downward, taking the soul with us until all is simplified and solidified again. That is the choice of choices—the way of the bird until common eyes have lost us, or to the market carts."

All eyes are very busy and anxious just now. And common tongues were ever notoriously ignorant of the names even of the most melodious and beautiful birds that sing in heaven. But if any poet, a little weary of his invisibility in the intense inane, should pine for a perch on the wagoner's tilt, he should have at least, what Mr. Yeats claims for him in his "Poetry and Tradition"—"the freedom of the well-

bred," and being "bred to the tact of words he can take what theme he pleases." Immune from external shock, every art tends towards a too exhaustive culture. It shuts its doors against a dull and noisy world, and its followers are in danger of being stifled in the fume of their own incense. Even this last summer's extravagances seem now prophetic. The shock has come. In 1815 London was listening to a street song entitled "The Wonderful Wonders of Town." "Good neighbor, pray listen," this "rym dogerel" begins:

"The streets 'luminated I walked every night,
And the devil a bit I could see for the light;
Such pictures, lamps, feathers, stars, anchors, and jokes,
With Boney, the devil, and all sorts of folks. . ."

"Then the Cossack Horse Soldiers as fought with our foes,
We kill'd 'em with kindness, as all the world knows,
And gave 'em such welcome and hearty good cheer,
They'd no time to get shaved all the time they were here.

"One word more—of all sights that in town I did see,
There was one sight worth all the whole bundle to me,

The Edinburgh Review.

Great Wellington's self, who has made the world ring
With glory, God bless him, and God save the King!"

Next year will be this raw ballad's centenary. It may be that by then peace will have come again, at what cost of life and beauty, and by virtue of what courage, hardihood, faith and loyalty, we already in part foresee. Another Boney may then, we may fervently hope, have learned his lesson. The Cossack Horse Soldiers will have been re-killed with kindness, and true sons of Wellington and of Nelson will have won all blessing. That is our trust. Meantime, all that has gone before is in the melting-pot. Human consciousness is only beginning to grasp and measure the vital and spiritual significance of the cause that is at stake. But since, in Mr. Kingsford's words in his survey of the fifteenth century, "When great national achievements are common, ballads will be good and true," since, as Puttenham said, "Poesie is more ancient than the artificiall of the Greeks and Latines," there is this little incidental hope for the lover of English literature: that, given so momentous, all-moving an occasion, the people, the ancient people of England, may wake to their own poetry again, even write it, as they did of old, for themselves.

Walter de la Mare.

THE EMPIRE CLOCK.—1871.

(Translated from the French of Alphonse Daudet by E. Storer.)

It was a clock of the Second Empire, one of those timepieces made of Algerian onyx, with a gold key attached, hanging at the end of a pink ribbon. Elegant, Parisian, and rather showy, it had a chime that was very clear and bright. But it did not possess a grain of sense, and was full of vagaries and caprices. It told the

time in the most fantastic fashion. It was, in fact, only good for striking the hour for Monsieur to go to the Bourse and the time for Madame's five-o'clock.

When the war broke out, the clock was in the country at Bougival, in a house that must have been expressly made for it—a fragile summer villa, a

doll's house of a place that looked as if it had been made out of cardboard.

On the arrival of the Bavarians it was one of the first-fruits of their loot, and, indeed, one must admit that these folk from beyond the Rhine are not bad packers, for this little toy of a clock, scarcely larger than a dove's egg, made the journey from Bougival to Munich without receiving a crack, in spite of all the cannon of Krupp and the ammunition boxes in the train.

On the day following its arrival it was to be seen in the shop window of Augustus Kahn, the bric-à-brac merchant, looking as dainty as ever with its fine black hands and its little key hanging at the end of a new ribbon.

Its arrival was quite an event in Munich. No Bougival clock had ever been seen there before, and everybody looked at it with as much curiosity as they bestowed on the newly arrived Japanese exhibits at the Siebold Museum.

Three rows of good Munich citizens puffed their long pipes and solemnly looked at it from morning till evening. The good people of Munich asked one another with amazed "Mein Gotts" and in astonished tones what was the use of this singular little machine. The illustrated journals issued pictures of it. Photographs of it were exposed in all the shop windows. The illustrious Herr Professor Otto von Schwanthaler composed his famous "Essay on Timepieces," a humorous-philosophical study in 600 pages wherein is discussed the influence of clocks on the lives of nations, and where it is logically demonstrated that a people so foolish as to regulate the use of its time by chronometers so unreliable as the little Bougival clock must expect the worst fate, just such a fate, in fact, as a ship setting out to sea with a faulty compass might look for (the sentence is a trifle long,

but I have translated it literally).

Since the Germans are incapable of fine and delicate work, the doctor thought that he would like to have the subject of his studies by him before writing his essay, so that he could examine it carefully. He therefore bought the clock and installed it in his private house.

* * * * *

The first thing that struck the eye of a visitor to the solemn and academic drawing-room of the Schwanthalers was a large astronomical clock in severe marble, with highly complicated works. Its main dial was surrounded by smaller ones, whereon the hours, minutes, seasons, and equinoxes—everything, in fact, to the phases of the moon—appeared. The noise made by this powerful engine resounded through the whole house. From the bottom of the staircase the heavy pendulum could be heard, with its solemn ticking, which seemed to be dividing life into a number of little portions, all exactly alike. Under the sound of this heavy tic-tac there was audible the movement of the hands marking the seconds like industrious spiders well aware of the value of time. Then the hour would strike with a note as solemn and slow as that of a college clock, and every time the hour struck something happened in the Schwanthalers' household. Either Herr von Schwanthaler would set out for the Pinacotek with a bundle of papers, or the lady of the house would return from church with her three daughters, tall girls, as lanky as hop-poles. Or else it was the time for dancing, or guitar, or gymnastic lessons, or they had to play the piano, or do some sewing, or call their music pupils together in the middle of the room. Everything in the house was so methodical, so exactly timed, that to see all the Schwanthalers moving about on the first stroke of the hour, coming in and out

of the large folding doors, inevitably suggested the procession of the Apostles round the famous clock at Strassburg, so that one came to expect the entire Schwanthaler family to disappear into the clock on the last stroke of the hour.

* * * * *

The little clock from Bougival was placed by the side of this German monument with the following result. One evening the Schwanthaler ladies were sitting sewing in the salon while the illustrious professor read the first pages of his Essay to his colleagues of the Academy, interrupting himself from time to time in order to take the little clock into his hands and use it for the purposes of demonstration. Suddenly Eva von Schwanthaler, stirred by a twinge of unfortunate curiosity, said blushing:

"O, papa, make it strike!"

The doctor took the key, gave it a couple of turns in the clock, and at once a merry crystalline chime was heard, full of a gaiety which infected the stolid assembly. There was a suspicion of a smile in every eye.

"Isn't it pretty, isn't it sweet?" said the Schwanthaler girls in unison.

Then Herr Schwanthaler said in a triumphant tone: "Here is French folly for you; it strikes eight o'clock and the hands point to three."

At this everyone laughed, and in spite of the lateness of the hour, the men of the company entered with spirit into a vigorous philosophical discussion about the frivolity of the French. No one wanted to leave now. So engrossed in their arguments were they that nobody noticed the big clock striking the portentous hour of ten, which was usually the time for the party to break up.

The big clock could not understand this new development. It had never witnessed so much gaiety in the Schwanthaler household before, nor

had it ever seen so many people in the salon at so late an hour.

The limit of unconventionality was reached when the Schwanthaler girls, gathered together a little later in their room, began to feel hungry as a result of the late hour, and spoke of supper. Even the sentimental Minna herself exclaimed, stretching out her arms, "O, how I could enjoy some lobster!"

* * * * *

Once it was wound up, the Bougival clock began again its old irregular and dissipated life. Its vagaries were thought merely amusing at first, but little by little, through listening to its haphazard chiming, the Schwanthaler household lost all respect for time, and allowed the days to come and go in the most careless fashion. They thought now of nothing but amusing themselves. Life passed so quickly that the hours lost all their former purposefulness. Nothing in the house remained as before. There were no more sermons, no more studies, little else, in fact, except noise and excitement. Mendelssohn and Schumann seemed too monotonous, and the "Grand Duchess" was given their place. The Schwanthaler girls laughed and played from morning till night, and even the illustrious Doctor himself, seized by some strange madness, would say from time to time, "Let's be gay, my dears, let's be gay!"

No one gave a thought to the big clock now. The girls had stopped the pendulum on the pretext that its noise prevented them from sleeping.

Just about this time the famous "Essay on Timepieces" appeared. To celebrate the event the Schwanthalers gave a large party, which was not at all like one of their old Academic soirées, but a regular *bal travesti*. Madame von Schwanthaler and her daughters appeared as Bougival river girls, with bare arms, short skirts, and

small sun-bonnets with streaming ribbons. The affair was the talk of the whole town, but worse was to follow. Private theatricals, tableaux vivants, supper parties, and baccarat succeeded one another in the house of the Academician during the winter months. The city was scandalized at such goings on.

Madame Schwanthaler, flattered by the success of her masquerade, passed her time upon the Isar, dressed up in the most fantastic costumes. The daughters took lessons in French from some Hussar officers who were prisoners in the town, and the little clock, imagining itself back again at Bougival, threw discretion to the winds, and always struck eight when its hands stood at three.

At last one morning, as a result of all this whirlwind of mad gaiety, the Schwanthaler family departed for America rather suddenly, and several of the finest Titians of the Pinacotek followed their illustrious custodian in his flight.

The Westminster Gazette.

* * * * *

The departure of the Schwanthalers was followed by a regular epidemic of scandals at Munich. First an abbess eloped with a baritone, the doyen of the Institute married a dancer, a town councillor committed suicide, and a convent of aristocratic ladies was closed for singing and playing at night.

Oh, the irony of things! The little clock must have been enchanted and have taken upon itself the duty of bewitching all Bavaria. For everywhere it went, everywhere that its gay little chime was heard, people became demoralized and frivolous. It passed from one hand to another, until at last it arrived at the Residency, and from that moment what score do you suppose was generally to be seen lying open on the piano of King Ludwig, the Wagnerian enthusiast?

The "Meistersinger"?

No, Offenbach's "Grand Duchess."

That will teach them to steal our clocks.

THE IRISH AND THE WAR.

There is a small minority in Ireland which is pro-German—that is to say, anti-British—in these war days. For the Germans *per se* I don't think anyone pretends to care; nor do I think that anyone considers that German rule in Ireland would be more sympathetic and beneficent than English rule to-day. In Dublin the pro-Germans are a very small minority indeed, consisting, to some extent at all events, of cranks who were Larkinites last year and something else the year before, and will be something else next year. "Are there more mad people in Dublin than in other cities?" we asked the most fascinating of literary Irishmen a little while ago. "I think not,"

he replied, "but in Dublin they fall into groups, so you see them better."

I met a leading member of this troublesome little group in a tram-car about the beginning of the war. He is the stormy petrel of strikes and suffrage and such things, and is as brave as he is small. Of course we talked about the war. "I used to think," said I, "that war was an atrocious thing, and used to be very eloquent about its abolition, until a naval captain, for whose opinion I have a great respect, having let me say my say, remarked quietly: 'Yes, all that is quite true; but if you abolish war, you leave us at the mercy of the barbarous races.' Don't you think that

was an argument?" "Well," returned my little Don Quixote, "we could meet that by an extended system of frontier police."

Good Lord! Frontier police to roll back Armageddon! Before I could do more than gasp, the tram stopped at my destination and I was obliged to leave the argument.

You never find Ireland thinking like a machine; that is to say, Celtic Ireland, for Anglo-Ireland is very like England, only more so. So there is a great diversity of opinion, as might be expected. The one body of men in Ireland which moves with unanimity is the priests. I have not met a priest who is not heart and soul on the side of the Allies, even those to whom France is a name of bitter memories for her casting-out of the Church. The better read, better educated, more comfortable Nationalists are as pro-Allies as could well be imagined. The farmers are affected by the religion and the priests. Since Louvain and Rheims the war has become a Holy War. The intelligent working man follows Mr. Redmond. Those who do not are the Larkinites of last year. Larkinism was not without its justification, nor its fruits; unfortunately its Socialism was of a crude kind—and that way madness lies for the Irish, who still have no doubt of God.

The masses in the towns generally, from whom the Irish regiments are recruited, are friendly enough, not so much to England as to the Allies; they are against the church-burners and the wreckers of Belgian houses. These towns now know the spirit of adventure, the reckless galeity with which their brothers and cousins go out to war. I doubt that they know much about the Empire which Irish hands and brains have done so much to build up. Perhaps if you talked to them about it they would answer that it was not for them.

I have recently been in the country of the Connaught Rangers, in the town that used to be their headquarters, where now their barracks are silent and deserted. Almost every house in that town and round about has its Connaught Ranger, or two or three. Recruiting used to be very brisk all that country round, I was told by a son of Anak, who stood seven feet high. The withdrawal of the Rangers killed it. While I was there, the exodus began of the boys who feared conscription under the Militia Ballot Act. They were not town boys. The town referred to them contemptuously as "the bog boys." The bog boys are the sons of small farmers and agricultural laborers living in lonesome places. To them death on the battlefields of France from shell and howitzers has no suggestion of glory, but is a dreadful and lonesome thing—whereas New York is a friendly place, full of Irish faces. Lurid descriptions of the war come to such places from German sources in New York. To talk of the Empire to these boys would be indeed to talk to deaf ears. There are not many. The Celt has been giving up his heritage year after year since the black '48 showed them the way. "The best sap of Ireland and the best bones lie in America," said a Connaught man to me the other day, adding, for the war is never far from our minds, "Them Germans have it in their minds to destroy the world; but after doing what they did in Belgium, the fire of God will come upon them and eat them up. And it may come slow, but it'll come sure." This was a Connaught peasant. They have a gift of picturesque speech.

To-day I hear from the West that the Bishop preaching on Sunday denounced the runaways as cowards—bitterly, says my informant. "It is the mothers, who are frightened by what they are

told and fling their arms about the boys' necks and implore them to go," said a reverend mother with scathing contempt. She was of the Order of Nuns that helped Florence Nightingale in the Crimea. Why are they not asked for to-day when the base hospitals are badly in need of nurses and doctors? How many an Irish soldier would die happier sped by a nun? The religious generally are very militant. A small nun—"I have seen a white crane bigger"—very small and old, said, doubling up her tiny fists, "Oh, I could fight the Germans!"

The bog boys are a handful. I do not propose to apologize for the recruiting. Dublin recruiting goes on at about the rate of forty men a day accepted. Well, when you consider how many Ireland has given to the Regular Army, there seems no reason to apologize. How they have suffered—the Irish regiments! I have before me the letter of a private of the Connaught Rangers, written from hospital to the father of a heroic young officer of the regiment who was killed in battle.

"We had six officers of the battalion when we left Aldershot," he writes; "we have now none; out of fourteen hundred Connaught Rangers there are now seventy-five."

One does not apologize for the country that so supports the Allies.

Someone said to me the other day, before the recruiting started: "They won't get many in Ballinasloe. Three hundred reservists have joined the colors, and we've hardly a man to spare."

I am told that practically all the substantial men, shopkeepers and merchants and traders of all kinds, and professional men all over the country, do entirely realize what the war means to Ireland; that we, too, are involved in the life-and-death struggle, that it is for us as much as anyone else.

There has been too much said about a handful of bog boys, who could not be expected to appreciate the relationship of Ireland to the Empire.

I make no apologies, any more than I expect apologies from an Englishman for the "muddled oafs" and "flannelled fools" who are playing away merrily, and the worse shirkers who look on. When one turns to the "Latest News" columns of the newspapers and finds, instead of the war of the Titans, the latest results in football and racing, one realizes that there must be a huge mass of people in England who do not the least bit in the world realize the situation. I ask no one to apologize for that, though I shall be glad of legislation that ends an intolerable state of things.

I leave it to wiser heads than mine to say whether recruiting would not have been better served if Mr. Asquith and Mr. John Redmond had addressed the people in a great open-air meeting in the Phoenix Park, rather than the privileged citizens of Dublin in a close meeting at the Mansion House. I think that the response would have been a far more enthusiastic one if Mr. John Redmond's historic speech about the volunteers had been acted upon more promptly on the other side of the Channel. There was too much time for a chill conviction of mistrust to come upon the first warm glow of feeling. The Irish are a sensitive people, responsive to trust, but easily chilled off. Those long weeks in which nothing happened attenuated the warm blood.

The women are wonderful: It is one of the good fruits of the Great War. It is heroism which is only possible because the individual burden is lifted by the common participation. Imagine to yourself in times of peace the situation of a mother or a wife who knows that at any minute of her waking or sleeping eye the blow may

have fallen that destroys her all. I am surrounded by mothers and wives and sisters who have this knowledge. I have not seen tears; I have not seen a shadowed face. All the women are busy in one way or another for the soldiers or the refugees. Beyond that we live our common, daily lives, only at a pitch of courage, of exaltation, of bearing one another's burdens, which make the interests of peace-time, looking back on them, inaudibly small and niggling. A great wave of goodwill has flooded us, who are not parted forever, because on the great essential question we are together.

We have none of the niggling resentments or dislikes of old days. No longer do we hold coldly apart for the best of the thing that would fuse us and make us rush together. Oh, if the war has its losses, it has also its priceless gains. Even our lost incomes do not greatly trouble us, since we are in the same boat with so many. I meet my neighbor going to the shops or the post office with a bright morning face, although she has a son in the North Sea and another at the Front. The courage is so high that it is not consciously courage. We are carried on a high wave. Sometimes we are down, if the news is less favorable; but we are uplifted the next moment.

The New Witness.

The one thing that possesses us is the feeling that the war must be fought to a finish.

If we had thought in times of peace of how the Great War should find us it would have seemed a nightmare of losses and grief. It finds us "marching breast forward," like the hero of the most masculine of poets. There may be some who look upon war as an unmitigated evil. I do not. Already the Flail of God is winnowing the chaff from the wheat. The noisome things that crept under the surface of the Great Peace have been scotched if not killed. The horrors of war are great. There are ghastly cruelties. The bodies women have borne and tended lovingly in the long years of growth make compost for the fields of France. But what of the speckled and corrupted souls of the Great Peace? What of the trade of bodies and souls by which men lived and ate and drank and married and had children?

The Flail of God searches well. We shall emerge from the Great War purged of luxuries and vices, austere and clean. It will be up to us then that the Peace shall not bring back the sins for which to-day the world suffers and is permitted to suffer gloriously.

Katharine Tynan.

AMERICA'S PART IN THE SETTLEMENT.

As being at once the greatest and the most disinterested of the neutral Powers, the United States is certain to play an extremely important—perhaps a commanding—part in the re-organization of international relations that must follow the conclusion of this war. Indeed, if, as is not unlikely, a joint interposition of neutral Powers, headed by the United States when the first favorable opportunity presents,

is the direct instrument for the negotiation of a peace, that country will be able to exercise great moral pressure on the actual terms of settlement. America can do much to restore peace to distracted, unguided Europe. Probably she realizes both the moral hopelessness and the material horrors of the war more than any of the combatants. She has been specially moved by the plight of Belgium, and she

might signally help to relieve it. It is, therefore, a matter of profound satisfaction to note the faith, courage, and high seriousness which inspire the utterances of all the great statesmen and party leaders of America. It is a great thing, not only for the United States but for the world, that a man of President Wilson's strong pacific principles and quite remarkable power of personal decision and initiative should be in occupation of the White House. But it is not less satisfactory to know that both of his immediate predecessors, Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft, are equally alive to the magnitude of the services which the United States may render in the reparation of a broken world, and from their less responsible positions are more outspoken in the constructive proposals which they offer. Both realize that the time is approaching when nations must be prepared to enter into some closer and more permanent relations, involving an abandonment of the complete independence they now possess, and the definite establishment of an instrument of international control. Both find the first stage in this process to consist in the full adoption of a Tribunal of Arbitral Justice, such as was proposed in the Second Hague Conference. Mr. Roosevelt, writing in the "New York Times," favors the establishment of a Court containing representatives of all the nations, sworn to act in a judicial capacity. To such a Court he would, apparently, submit all issues involving international differences, whether "justiciable" in the ordinary sense or not, and he would bind the participant nations to unite with their military forces to enforce its decrees, if such enforcement became necessary. By such measures peace could be secured, and a reduction of national armaments effected by mutual agreement.

If we rightly understand the pro-

LIVING AGE VOL. LXV. 3420

posal, which has at present reached us only in brief summary, it marks a definite advance even upon the larger and more considered scheme set forth by Mr. Taft in an important little book, "The United States and Peace" (John Murray). But Mr. Taft has been a much more consistent laborer for good international relations than Mr. Roosevelt. His courageous conduct as President in urging treaties of arbitration, in which issues of honor and vital interests should be included for reference, has hitherto formed the high-water mark of practical pacifism. His fuller exposition of this policy, adapted not merely in particular treaties between two nations, but as an instrument of general international agreement, should command the close attention of all who are looking round for some escape from a return to the horrors and perils of an "armed peace" after the conclusion of this war. "With the formation of The Hague Court of Arbitral Justice, as recommended by the Second Hague Conference, for the consideration of all questions arising between the nations of the world, I shall look with confident hope to the signing within a few decades—or a half-century—of a general treaty or convention by all the Great Powers, in which they shall agree to submit all justiciable controversies to this tribunal."

But must we, can we, afford to wait for "a few decades"? Mr. Taft's essay was written before the outbreak of this war. The frightful crisis through which we are passing ought to prove one of those forcing periods of education in which the mind and conscience of the nations may be laid open to an early recourse to self-protective measures. It is impossible to contemplate without a feeling of utter despair the return of the nations to another period of anarchism qualified by war-alliances, and moving by discernible

degrees towards another catastrophe. Out of the Conference which will settle the terms of peace on the conclusion of the war, should there not spring a provision for the early summoning of a Representative International Convention, which should take as its first tasks the establishment of a compulsory Arbitral Court and an agreement for the reduction of armaments? The intimate relation between these two proposals is obvious. A weakening of armed preparations will favor the acceptance of arbitration and of arbitral awards, while the growing confidence in the arbitral method will, in turn, undermine the strength of militarism in all the nations. But, apart from the question of urgency, there are two points in which Mr. Taft's scheme appears to us inadequate to the full demands of the international situation. Approaching the problem with a legal mind, he recognizes rightly the distinction between cases that are "justiciable" and those which are not, and confines the operation of his Arbitral Court of Justice to the former. But many of the gravest differences which arise between nations will not be of such a kind as can be termed "justiciable," especially the class of issues, involving honor and vital interests, that are most likely to bring war. Besides the Arbitral Court, then, there ought to come into existence some other permanent body, with an international structure, endowed with powers of inquiry and of mediation, or, in the last resort, with the power of summoning an international conference for the settlement of non-justiciable differences before they have ripened into conflict. In other words, the Concert of the Powers must be established on a permanent basis and empowered to deal in one of these two ways with all dangerous differences that may from time to time arise be-

The Nation.

tween nations or groups of nations.

The other point of doubt has reference to the enforcement of arbitral awards. Mr. Taft appears willing to rely upon international public opinion as a sufficient sanction, at any rate until its insufficiency is proved experimentally. And there is much to be said for this attitude. But there remains this grave difficulty. So long as self-willed States of varying degrees of civilization are left in the possession of strong armaments (and no early schemes of reduction can prevent this from happening), there will remain a strong temptation either for a single Power, or still more for a group of Powers, stirred by some keen motive of common interest or passion, to repudiate arbitration or to refuse obedience to its award, trusting to the fact that no power of physical compulsion is at the disposal of the Court. Mr. Roosevelt confronts this difficulty and would solve it by binding the Powers to apply their united forces to coerce this national criminal. But the effective operation of this united force would seem to require some organized federal control over the national units of force, so as, on the one hand, to prevent them from engaging in internecine strife; and, on the other, to make them thoroughly available for the supreme task of enforcing international awards and decrees. Such practical problems of international government are profitably raised in connection with the American proposals, and remote as they may appear from the absorbing events of to-day, it would be folly to ignore the only path of security for the future of civilization. Anarchy or government, we must choose between them. The full meaning of the one is visible to-day. May it not evoke the necessary thought, faith, and effort to secure the application of the other?

BETWEEN THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP SEA.

The position of a small neutral country is a very delicate one at all times. It is doubly delicate and anxious in time of war. Immediately after the outbreak of war Holland announced that she would observe the strictest neutrality, and hitherto she has been able to avoid the horrors of war. The fall of Antwerp may make Holland's task far more difficult than it has been. That brave little country is between the devil and the deep sea.

Germany is in need of harbors. Her coal and iron beds and her great manufacturing industries are on and near the Rhine. The most important part of Germany's oversea trade goes up and down the Rhine via Rotterdam and Antwerp. A glance at the map shows that Rotterdam is the nearer and the more convenient harbor of the two. Antwerp only receives the overflow of Germany's foreign trade. Patriotic Germans have advocated for many years that Germany should acquire the Rhine mouths. They desire that the Rhine should become a German river in its entirety. The acquisition of Antwerp, supposing Germany should be able to retain Belgium, would be of comparatively little value to her. Her patriots and merchants would still demand the acquisition of the Rhine mouths with Rotterdam.

To Germany, Antwerp is valuable rather on military than on economic grounds. The port of Antwerp lies far enough inland to be protected against a coup de main from the sea. Its enormous basins, sheds, and numerous appliances make it possible to collect in it a large number of transports and to place rapidly and secretly a considerable army, with all its bulky paraphernalia of war, on board ship. The fall of Antwerp has caused great rejoicing in Germany. From the articles

in the German Press and from the pronouncements which have been made by eminent Germans, it is obvious that Germany hopes to be able to make use of Antwerp in fighting this country. It has been reported that Admiral von Tirpitz, the head of the German Navy, went to Antwerp immediately after its fall. If the news is correct it seems obvious that Germany desires to use Antwerp for an attack upon this country.

Germany cannot use Antwerp as a military or a naval base without violating Holland's neutrality. A glance at the map shows that Dutch territory separates Antwerp from the sea. That harbor lies on the Scheldt, and the two mouths of that river are occupied by Holland. Holland has historic claims to the domination of the Scheldt mouths. At the time when Holland fought her eighty years' war of liberation against Spain, Antwerp remained in Spanish hands. In order to prevent its being used against the Dutch, Holland erected fortifications on the mouths of that river, and she has maintained these ever since. Towards the end of 1910 the Dutch took steps to modernize the forts on the Scheldt. The Belgians felt alarmed at Holland's proceeding, for they had hoped that, in case of a German attack upon their neutrality, a British Army would come to their aid. As Ostend and Zeebrugge are inadequate for landing a large army, Antwerp would have been the best place for that purpose. Holland's intention to strengthen very greatly the fortifications at Flushing seemed to be an unmistakable demonstration that the Dutch would prevent an English expedition coming to Belgium's aid by landing at Antwerp. A hot discussion arose in the Belgian Press whether the Dutch were entitled to block the

Scheldt against the English in the event of Germany violating Belgium's neutrality. The majority of the Belgian authorities stated that Holland had no such right. The Dutch Press replied that the mouths of the Scheldt were Dutch territorial waters and that Holland would violate her neutrality in allowing one of the belligerents to pass by Flushing. From the Belgian and Dutch papers the discussion soon extended to the French, English, and German Press, and the German papers maintained with the greatest energy that Holland was not only entitled, but was obliged, to prevent ships of war and transports making use of the Scheldt mouths in time of war. Many of the German semi-official journals insisted that Holland should strongly fortify the Scheldt mouths in order to prevent a British attack. England was described as Holland's enemy. The *Strassburger Post*, a semi-official paper, made the following statement, which is representative of many similar ones, on December 9, 1910:

Germany can never tolerate an English attack upon Holland's flank. She would have to reply with military counter-measures. Therefore it is absolutely necessary for Holland, if she wishes to preserve her position as an independent neutral State, to strengthen her coast defences to such an extent that she is able to defend her neutrality unaided. For a small country the expenditure involved is no doubt oppressive. However, the justifiable pride of independence possessed by the Dutch will impel them to make that sacrifice for the sake of their country.

After telling the Dutch that they must preserve the neutrality of the Scheldt's mouths at any cost, the semi-official journal carefully informs them that they can save this heavy expenditure by merging themselves into Germany, for we read:

There is a way by which the kingdom of Holland can save this expendi-

ture, and by which at the same time it can obtain full guarantees for preserving its colonial possessions. That would be by concluding a defensive and offensive alliance with Germany, an alliance which would ensure a preferential economic position to both countries under a reciprocity arrangement. In addition there should be a military convention. Holland should retain complete independence for all purely domestic matters. However, this step finds at present little favor in Holland. Germany, on the other hand, does not intend to force her blood-relations in the Netherlands to conclude an alliance with her or to enter with her into closer relations in some other form.

Concern for the possession of her colonies may perhaps some day make it clear to that little kingdom that it is desirable that it should place itself under the protection of a strong Power. Nobody is likely to put pressure upon the Dutch. Pressure is likely to be exercised only by the development of events, which may prove stronger than political sympathies and antipathies. It is probable that the colonial possessions of the Dutch may some day become the prey of their neighbors. Possibly England, who has thrown covetous eyes upon the wealthy Dutch possessions in the East, may seize them. It is still more probable that they may be taken by Japan, who has demonstrated her wish for expansion in the Asiatic Seas. . .

As matters stand to-day, the whole of the Dutch colonies exist by the grace of England. England can seize them whenever she chooses. The temptation to acquire them is exceedingly great, for the East Indian possessions of the Dutch form a direct connection between Singapore and Australia. At present the Dutch retain their colonies only in consequence of the jealousy of the Powers.

Holland cannot disregard the danger of being involved in war. Any attempt on her part to resist England, if that country should endeavor to violate Holland's neutrality, would involve her

in war. Such a war would lead immediately to England occupying the Dutch colonies. If, on the other hand, the Dutch should resolve to side with England, their country would immediately be occupied by Germany. Only close relations with Germany can guarantee to the Dutch the continuance of their independence and the preservation of their colonies. Such close relations need not mean that Holland would be compelled to enter the German Federation. What would be necessary would be a German-Dutch agreement for mutual defence and an economic alliance, which would greatly increase the prosperity of the Dutch colonies.

The foregoing article, which is representative of many similar ones, is most interesting. The Dutch are told that they must, at any cost, preserve the neutrality of the Scheldt in war, that their siding with England will lead to a German invasion of Holland, and that their siding with Germany will bring about the loss of their colonies; that, in view of England's rapacity and Japan's covetousness, the Dutch will find safety only by placing themselves under Germany's protection—by becoming Germans. Before long the position of Holland may become critical. Germany has undoubtedly acquired Antwerp with the intention of using that port as a base for attacking England. According to International Law, and according to Germany's views as to Holland's duties as a neutral Power, the Dutch are compelled to prevent by every means the use of the Scheldt's mouths by the belligerents. They must not only prevent warships passing by the Dutch fortifications, but they must likewise

stop all merchant ships and examine them in order to be sure that they are not used for warlike purposes. Hence Germany can use Antwerp neither as a base for her Navy nor as a port of embarkation for an expeditionary army without coming into collision with Holland.

What will Germany do? Germany has quite enough on her hands. She has probably no intention to fight an additional opponent, the brave Dutch Army. At the same time it must be remembered that England's hostility is extremely dangerous to Germany. England rules the sea, and her small Army is rapidly increasing. In a few months England will have a very large Army on the Continent. For the sake of self-preservation Germany may embark upon a desperate venture. She may endeavor to strike at the heart of the Empire by means of an expedition from Antwerp. As Germany will scarcely be able to induce Holland to consent to let such an expedition pass she may endeavor to silence the Flushing fortifications or to seize them by surprise. In such an event the Dutch would have the choice of two courses. They might either endeavor to re-take Flushing, or they might simply protest against the violence done to them. If they choose the former course they will be involved in war with Germany. If they should confess that they cannot defend their neutrality their international position would be most seriously affected. After all, it is the duty of a neutral country to defend its neutrality with all its strength. Presumably Holland will choose the more manly course.

The Outlook.

J. Ellis Barker.

EMILE VERHAEREN: THE POET OF BELGIUM AND OF EUROPE.

"The greatest of all French poets, past and present, is Emile Verhaeren," says Mr. Jethro Bithell, who has made some clever versions of Verhaeren's poetry and has just translated Stefan Zweig's brilliant critical study of the poet. It is one of those statements the truth whereof can neither be proven nor finally denied; but in France itself, where the acceptance of Verhaeren at his true value has been but tardy and partial, it would probably be controverted more vigorously than in England, Germany, or Russia. For, though he grew up in ignorance of the Flemish tongue, the poet's nationality is plainly visible in all his work. He is a Latin in nothing but the form of language which he uses. On the other hand he appeals to what Arnold used to call the "German paste" in us no less than in our present enemies; while he has taken the mind of Russian liberalism by storm. That his place is among the very great there can, at all events, be no question.

The names of the places most closely connected with Verhaeren's childhood and youth have lately been made painfully familiar to us. He was born, in 1855, at Saint Amand on the Escaut, in the neighborhood of Termonde. He got his education from the Jesuits at the College of Sainte Barbe, in Ghent. There Georges Rodenbach was his schoolfellow and intimate; and thither, a few years later, came another couple of boys equally destined to literary fame, Maurice Maeterlinck and Charles van Lerberghe. From Ghent Verhaeren went to the University of Louvain to read for the bar.

The study of law, however, was only a pretext, an alternative to his father's unacceptable project of placing him in an uncle's factory. Literature had al-

ready claimed him, and at Louvain, stimulated by congenial fellowship and a course of reading anything but legal, he flung himself with energy into his destined career. He took a leading part in the production of more than one collegiate magazine, which the authorities saw good to suppress, and one day he called, with a bundle of manuscript verse, at the house of Camille Lemonnier, the novelist, to whose generosity and ardor Belgian literature owes even more than to his actual achievement.

Lemonnier must soon have realized that the poems to which he had consented to listen were no common undergraduate outpourings. They were, in fact, those which were to compose Verhaeren's first published volume, "*Les Flamandes*," and were such as would have arrested the attention of the weariest critic. Violent, sensuous, implacably realistic, they were of the order of poetry which can never be denied a hearing; and though they met with the approval of Lemonnier (himself on more than one occasion the victim of public prudery), their general reception was very much that which, in England nearly twenty years earlier, had been accorded to Swinburne's "*Poems and Ballads*."

These earliest poems are wrought out of Verhaeren's observations of his boyhood's surroundings and the pre-occupations of his youth; vivid, objective pictures of Flemish country life, or praise of the past inspired by his admiration of the virile genius of the old Flemish painters; an admiration which has taken another shape in some fine critical studies. "*Les Flamandes*," was followed at a three years' interval by "*Les Moines*," a collection of poems very different in theme but similar in

Emile Verhaeren: The Poet of Belgium and of Europe. 631

method, the offspring of three weeks spent in retreat at the monastery of Forges, near Chimay.

Verhaeren's work falls into several definite, though organically connected, groups. The first consists of "Les Flamandes" and "Les Moines," which though of an individual stamp show no formal departure from the tradition of French poetry. The three books which form the second group are of very different quality. Briefly, they are the record of a terrible nervous crisis which resulted from the excessive ardor of the poet's first plunge into life. Later, he was to experience the mystic's communion by ecstasy with the heart of life. Now he knew that terrible mystical experience, the dark night of the soul. "Les Soirs," "Les Débâcles" and "Les Flambeaux Noirs," are the expressions of an intolerable despair, of horror of life, and of longing only for death or madness. Verhaeren in this phase reminds us of Van Gogh, who is the painter of paroxysms, just as his racial kinsman is the poet of paroxysms. The great difference is that the painter suffered defeat, the poet won through to victory.

Verhaeren came out of this black epoch with an enlarged emotional experience and a new sense of the meaning of life. Henceforth, his poetry was to be one tremendous affirmation, growing in intensity and constantly reinforced by new arguments. He is one of the great positive poets of the world. He has, indeed, many analogies in modern literature. His kinship with Whitman is obvious; he has the large rhetorical manner of Hugo, an early master, and he sometimes reminds us of the young passionate Swinburne who wrote "Hertha" and the "Hymn of Man," though his grip on actuality has always been far firmer than either Hugo's or Swinburne's. To Henley also he bears a superficial resemblance both in his violent yea-saying to life

and in his metrical practises; but Henley was essentially a romantic impressionist, Verhaeren a psychologist and a metaphysician.

Zweig frequently compares him with Nietzsche, who is at present under so dark a cloud for the sins of his children; but, whatever else he may be, Verhaeren is a democrat. He believes in the will to power, but dreams of it working through an ever-widening group rather than through the chosen individual. His affirmativeness is too absolute to admit of selection, and boundaries and distinctions are for him things to be annihilated. He is intensely conscious of the unity of life, and of his own identity with its other manifestations. "J'existe en tout ce qui m'entoure et me pénètre," he writes, reminding us of the final pronouncement of John Davidson, that "men are the universe become conscious." Perhaps Davidson is nearer akin to Verhaeren than any other contemporary English poet; they resemble one another in a certain metallic quality which the style of each has caught (it may be) from the industrial machinery which interests them; but in his acceptance of the developments of modern life and his desire for and imaginative vision of a comprehensive order which shall resolve its chaos, the Belgian reminds us most strongly of H. G. Wells. He is no sentimental Luddite who would scrap the inventions of human ingenuity, the evidences of that strenuous development and experiment which are life itself. Man must win to unity by the solvent of understanding, not by restriction on effort. If these adventurous ones sometimes do injustice and violence,

"Ils innovent un droit moins rude et
suranné
Qui se tempère, et s'illumine, et
s'humanise . . .
Ils représentent ce que la terre a de
meilleur."

632 *Emile Verhaeren: The Poet of Belgium and of Europe.*

Action and progress are their own justification:

"C'est l'angoisse, c'est la fureur,
C'est la rage contre l'erreur
C'est la fièvre, qui sont la vie."

This creed of eternal development of an all-embracing synthesis, is set forth in wonderful poetry. The group of books which immediately followed his return to health, "Les Campagnes Hallucinées," and "Les Villes Tentaculaires," have for their theme what sociologists call "the rural exodus." In a series of vivid pictures, which are so intense and simplified as to be symbols rather than portraits, he shows the villages answering to the lure of the towns, and the gross, teeming centres of life which devour the population of the countryside. He does not, however, like most reformers, cry "Back to the land!" Retrogression is a form of negation. But he sees beyond the anarchy to the new order on the birth of which closes his play, "Les Aubes."

To do anything like justice to the final and lordliest phase of Verhaeren's work would be impossible here. One cannot do better than borrow Zweig's summary exposition. "In 'Visages de la Vie,' Verhaeren has extolled the eternal forces: sweetness, joy, force, activity, enthusiasm; in the 'Forces Tumultueuses,' the mysterious dynamics of the union which shows through all the forms of reality: in the 'Multiple Splendeur,' he has sung the ethical part played by admiration, man's happy relationship with things and with himself; in the 'Rythmes Souverains,' finally, he has typified the loftiest ideal."

In these four volumes the poet deals in the broadest generalizations, appear-

The Bookman.

ing as the poet not of a country nor even of a continent, but of humanity. Contemporaneously, however, he has not only written some intimate and tender love poetry, inspired by a happy marriage, but also paid his fatherland a beautiful tribute:

"Oh, l'ai-je aimé éperdument
Ce peuple—aimé jusqu'en ses injustices,
Jusqu'en ses crimes, jusqu'en ses vices!
L'ai-je rêvé fier et rugueux, comme un serment,
Ne sentant rien, sinon que j'étais de sa race,
Que sa tristesse était la mienne et que sa face
Me regardait penser, me regardait vouloir,
Sous la lampe, le soir,
Quand je lisais sa gloire en mes livres de classe!

Aussi, lui ai-je, avec ferveur, voué ces vers
Qui le chantent, dans la grandeur ou l'infortune,
Comme la Flandre abaisse ou lève au long des mers
Avec ses sables d'or, sa guirlande de dunes."

And so in the five books of "Toute la Flandre," writing in that *vers libre* which he has gradually developed as the expression of his own violent, enthusiastic temperament, the very rhythm of his soul, he has celebrated the country of his youth, with its dunes and waterways and farmsteads; depicting as in his earliest poems but with a larger sympathy, the life of the Flemish peasant with its hardships and gross appetites; and showing, what is perhaps the surest cause which our shattered Europe has for hope, that it is possible to have sympathies at once national and cosmopolitan.

Francis Bickley.

ON FEELING FIT.

In the dictionary sense of the term, to feel fit is not so very much. It means that one is able to get up in time to catch the 'bus to the office, to go through a day's work that habit has made almost automatic, to eat one's lunch without indigestion, and to leave a surplus of energy for some more or less lethargic recreation in the evening. If the machine begins to run seriously below that minimum, we call in the doctor to tune it up again, and as he usually seizes the opportunity to overhaul it well and to bring it into a condition more than fit for the daily round, we may then experience the delight of being super-fit or "feeling fit." As for catching the 'bus, we could race it to the city without turning a hair; work is a dear friend well met; the world which was a burden upon the back becomes a plaything in the hand.

Whatever there was in us, however out of practice, comes into full bloom again, when the blood has been set going at its best pace. It seems indeed as though faculties we never had before were added to us. We were babies, sometimes excitable to a desire quite incompatible with the inaccuracy of our limbs and organs, like the whiskered gentleman in "Punch" who feels an exiguous biceps when he reads the prize-fight bills. But now we are youth with a hatchet warranted to cut anything, and we are looking for something to cut with it. With what a swift, sure stroke we could cleave an enemy to the chine; how easily could we carry a fair lady from a burning house; there is no problem to affright the intellect, no negotiation that would try the nerve. We have set ourselves progressive tasks, and conquered them one by one. The harder they were, the easier they became. We are at the

top of our form, and by comparison with our old self and therefore with ordinary men, are as knights in armor among naked savages.

It must be very few of the thousands who watch a boxing contest or a football match who go away with a resolve to get for themselves a body and a wind like those bruisers or kickers. It would be wonderful to have muscles that could be stiffened to protect the diaphragm like a belt of steel, or flesh that could be hammered to pulp to-day, and become sound by the day after to-morrow. But the trouble and expense are too great. First-class pugilism or football is the examination system in athletics carried to madness. If they can excite in us (as they seem but little able to do) some general will to be superior instead of barely equal to the common task, that is as much as can be expected of them. Mr. Sandow's disciples, who probably never watch football matches, are, we suppose, always in training, and therefore always "stale"; they work upon the development of an imperfect catalogue of muscles, and could no doubt get each of them extraordinarily well-grown, and yet leave the body and faculties untrained. And the real joy of fitness cannot be experienced every day of the year. It must be a matter of sudden wonder, the treat of a week or so between months of "feeling so-so." And it must come as a gift owing to no sordid merit, such as the punch-ball or the horizontal bar.

There is first the joy of becoming fit, and it begins with the full knowledge of how unfit we were. When we start for the summit of our holiday mountain, we look out the distance on the map, and it is nothing—about as far as from the Post Office to Marble

Arch. We take no notice of the contour lines, because it has never mattered to us whether Cheapside dips towards St. Paul's or towards the Mansion House, or whether we walk up Fleet Street or down it. And we wonder what is the matter with us when the very gentle walk over the plinth of the mountain makes us extremely hot and desirous of sitting down. When the path tilts a few more degrees toward the perpendicular, we discover that we have no lungs. We are puffing rapidly, like a horse that has been galloping. The temples seem about to burst, the mountain heaves under foot, and we stumble instead of walking. We should deem it impossible for human effort to go another step, were it not a fact that our walking companions, who are little better than ourselves, still keep on. At last the halt comes; we are glad to find that the others are as glad of a rest as we are, and we feel that we have done more than we thought ourselves capable of.

The fact is that when the lungs labor like that, they are not calling out in vain. The best thing that we can do is to compel them to keep a slightly slower measure than they appear to wish for. It hastens the consummation they are laboring after, the opening up of breathing-folds tucked away unused for a year past, because our slow life on flat pavements has had no need of them. Mile by mile we get larger lungs, and drink with more and more ease the bright mountain air, which is probably 1-10th per cent richer in oxygen than the air of the city. Instead of collapsing or flying into little bits, we get that unbelievable marvel in athletics, the second wind. Instead of puffing and shaking, the engine works smoothly. We spurn the mountain, and kick it away beneath us; we stand at the cairn, and are amazed at our late faint-heartedness.

It would not be the same if we rode a bicycle a hundred miles; still less if we lifted the dumbbell an enormous number of times. The bicycle takes us simply to a new place of the old kind, the mountain path to a new kind of place. The eye expands as much as the lungs (if the view be clear), the imagination expands, and it is perfectly demonstrable that the skin must expand. Just as the boiling-point of water is less upon the mountain-top, so the exhilaration-point of blood must be lower. All the same, we should not think of recommending a mountain with a lift, like Snowdon. We must take the rarefaction step by step. The benefit of the view is partly real and partly a trick. If there is no view, it is as fine to look over the edge of the rock into thick mist, and think that the world ends there. It is well to find that we can feel the stream of a driving mist through the clothes, and enjoy it. It is as though, having hitherto regarded the body as an encumbrance, we had suddenly discovered it to be an engine of power and of motion. Descending from its climb, at its evening bathe, it swims the estuary, or it plays tennis as though it were not ten years out of practice; it has found a voice that can sing the forgotten songs with precision and wonderful force, an eye to find a moth on the tree-trunk, a nerve to seize the adder by its tail.

Crichton is no longer admirable when the main spring is rusty, or when only one wheel is lugubriously driven for daily bread. The quickening of his force not only drives that wheel with new speed, but sets in motion all the faculties that he ever trained. We cannot tell how the boxer feels when he has got supremely fit for his single trade—whether he thinks he could fight as well with battle-axe or plan a naval campaign—or how he feels when he has tried the task for

which he trained, and perhaps failed. The man or woman who becomes fit at the end of the summer holiday courts no disillusion, or at any rate no swift one. By comparison with the

The Nation.

common task, the new health is as superlative as it seems; we are millionaires, because the bank balance is out of all proportion to the largest cheque we have to draw.

THE FIRING LINE.

Thackeray, apropos of George Warrington back from the front, has a fine essay on the shyness of the typical Englishman, his aversion from all kinds of "gush," his instinctive shrinking from a parade of his more intimate feelings. It is the spirit that makes our people say and do foolish things when called on to do worship to the sublime. We all know the intelligent Englishman who asks "Is that all?" as he watches the rush of the multitude of waters at Niagara. It is not insensibility. Alone he would stay and wonder. With a companion he tries to be unimpressed. It is a habit still peculiarly English, though the Americans have some trace of it. Mark Twain is perpetually trying to cover deep emotion by some light jest. The Anglo-Saxon dislikes undressing morally or intellectually *coram populo*. No Englishman could have written Rousseau's "Confessions." One of our race might have set out to represent himself as a tyrant, or an atheist, or a double-dyed villain. But by no possibility would he have admitted to the small follies, the mean little deceptions, the apish tricks which make that book transparently one of the truest of human documents. Pepys is frank enough. But assuredly he would not have been the Pepys we delight in had he foreseen that his babble would reach print. Byron went as far as most men in laying bare his heart. He seemed to delight in calling in the world to observe its more theatrical palpitations. But Byron was not always acting Lara or

Manfred, and of the real man we probably know less than of most people of his quality.

There are plenty of George Warringtons at the front just now. Among them is the officer who through the Press Bureau supplies the British public with pen pictures of the war as observed from Sir John French's headquarters. People who write by authority often rise to sober eloquence. They indulge in lofty sarcasm. They are sometimes betrayed into vehemence. But it is difficult to recall anything quite like these messages from headquarters, with their shrewd judgment, their sure, keen instinct for the interesting, their easy grasp of larger matters, combined with what may without offence be described as a kind of breezy cheerfulness. The "eye-witness" should be a valuable recruiting sergeant. He writes as one who knows war, and was even prepared for this kind of war. But he writes also as if this is a kind of great game on the great scale. He notes that those terrific German shells scoop out holes "big enough to bury five horses"—the words are grimly significant—that they send up suffocating columns of greeny black smoke, and that they stain everything near a ghastly yellow. But he will not allow that they are very dreadful visitors after all. The soldiers jest over them, and call them "Jack Johnsons" and "Black Marias." They are difficult people, these men in khaki, to depress or impress, and the German military philosophers who relied on the

terrifying and demoralizing effect of this heavy fire have once again miscalculated.

That our men would face anything that mortal can face—and go through with a cheery gallantry quite British—everybody was sure who knew anything of the right kind of Englishman when in a tight corner. But that modern fire at its worst is no jest, that it is about as appalling an experience as man can face, is certain from the almost unvarying expressions in published letters from the fighting line and from the conversation of wounded men. One word is monotonously used to describe the infernal racket and destruction. "It is hell" is a fair summary of nine-tenths of the extracts from soldiers' correspondence. It is not that the great shell drinks up human life in great gulps when men are discreetly disposed. Notoriously an immense amount of metal is needed to kill a single man well entrenched in a strong position. But the nervous strain is horrible, and only the greatest physical and moral hardihood, reinforced by thorough discipline, can prevail against it. That is one reason, among many, why the light-hearted optimists are so grievously wrong—the kind of people who talk about Cromwell's Ironsides and suggests that a few weeks' training can turn any well-built lad into a thoroughly seasoned soldier fit to meet the finest troops of Germany. A shell which causes a "local earthquake," which buries men under two or three tons of earth, may be treated familiarly by men long habituated to take things as they come and drilled into the conviction that nothing matters so much as disobedience to orders. The effect on an imaginative youth who had never fired a rifle three months before must be widely different. Natural pluck is no sufficient buckler against these terrors.

The wonder is rather that familiar-

ity so soon robs the most appalling conditions of their horror. To us at a distance, gathering glimpses here and there of the hideous carnage of a modern battlefield, it seems extraordinary that British soldiers liberated from the trenches can enjoy an impromptu game of football. To the soldiers themselves there is no miracle in the fact. They conquered Death before they left English shores; why be afraid of him now? It seems grimly incongruous that to a French soldier in the trenches news should come of the birth of a child; that he should be immediately dubbed by his comrades "*Le père de Monsieur le bébé*" and chaffed accordingly, and that every few hours the inquiry should go round, "Is the father of the baby safe?" Yet here again the true bitterness of death was faced when the mobilization order came, and the husband was rudely snatched from his little private life. Why not make the best of it while breath remains? After all, one must die some time. These men, for the most part, never heard of the Stoic philosophy. But no antique philosopher ever surpassed them in cool contempt for death. It would seem that what we call heroism is nothing very exceptional. Given a great enough occasion, there is heroism in very ordinary people. We see it among our British troops, half disguised with a touch of broad and merry humor. The French soldier is always gallant. But what of the conscripts, the Quixote-Panzas of the Tartarin type, fond of comfort and good living? They all continue, somehow, to comport themselves as soldiers. Very wonderful, too—and most pathetic—is the resignation of the hapless civilian, torn from his secure moorings in Belgium and Northern France, and sent forth as a penniless wanderer. There is something in vast calamities that seems to call into action the finest impulses of

human nature. Self is forgotten in universal woe. If a single prosperous bourgeois of Louvain had been robbed in one day of money, house, and child he would probably have lost his reason or taken his life. Since hundreds are in similar case, we read of him bearing up bravely, and perhaps giving help and sympathy to others still more unfortunate. It is very wonderful, this alchemy of unmeasured catastrophe.

During the last few weeks there have been published a good many notes from dead German soldiers to their women-folk at home. They afford a singular contrast to the same kind of letters from our own officers and men at the front. The Englishman is almost invariably slangy, pithy, and light in style. He would seem, on the evidence of his writing, to be a monster of insensibility. The German always writes in a staid, sober way,

The Saturday Review.

with a strong dash of sentiment. The strain of "Ehren on the Rhine" seems to run through his missive. Yet we know that the Briton is tenderness itself to women, children, and the helpless; while the German sentimentalist occasionally confesses that he has taken part in bayoneting girls or shooting little boys. It is typical of the two races. The German has in him a vein of sugariness which may be turned—there is such a thing as sugar of lead—to deadly poison. The true Englishman hates abstract sentiment, whereas the German is always ready for it. Clearly the English imagination is not at fault. Shakespeare is sufficient assurance of that. Is it that German character is after all something smaller than our own; that it has no difficulty in expressing the highest that is in it, while the finest part of the English nature is for ever doomed to be inarticulate?

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Mountain-lovers and mountain-climbers can hardly fail to enjoy Mr. Arnold Lunn's record of "The Exploration of the Alps," which is one of the latest volumes in the Home University Library (Henry Holt & Co.). Mr. Lunn writes with an enthusiasm which is contagious, and with a fulness of knowledge gained by long familiarity. He describes the tragedies as well as the triumphs of Alpine climbing, and reviews, in a rapid narrative, the story of Mont Blanc, and Monte Rosa and of the Matterhorn, and the adventures of the men who first scaled them.

Boy and girl readers, who have followed the hunting adventures of Mr. Chauncey J. Hawkins's hero, Ned Brewster, as described in two earlier books, will welcome the third volume,

"Ned Brewster's Caribou Hunt." In this volume, Ned and his sportsman father have some thrilling experiences in the wilds of Newfoundland. Their Indian guides, Esau and Billy, add elements of personal interest, and there is no lack of incident. The author is fortunate in being his own illustrator, and the eight full-page pictures which decorate the book are all the products of his camera. Little, Brown & Co.

No contemporary writer has done more to make the crises in American history real and vivid to boy readers than Dr. Everett T. Tomlinson, in his stories of colonial days, the Revolution, the war of 1812 and the Civil War. He adheres closely to historical facts, which form the framework of his stories, while he makes his characters

real and their adventures as stirring as if he were not handicapped by any obligation to keep within the bounds of historical facts. In his latest story, "The Young Sharpshooter at Antietam" (Houghton Mifflin Co.), he carries Noel Curtis—the hero of his earlier story, "The Young Sharpshooter"—through that great and pivotal battle, and describes his adventures so vividly that the average boy reader will be reluctant to lay the book down until he has reached the last page. There are four spirited illustrations from drawings by George Avison.

Among the ways devised by the modern novelist for separating and reuniting lovers, few are more original than that by which Miss Alice Jones tantalizes the readers of her "Flame of Frost." It is a story of the Arctic cold, and of the mysteries and the wealth concealed in its bosom. Iseult, daughter of a Frenchman of whose very name she is ignorant, lives in the polar wilderness, the ward of a man respected and feared by the native Indians as a magician. The daintiest of sylvan fare, the richest of furs are hers, and the tidings of wealth awaiting her beyond the seas hardly disturb her calm, when imparted to her by the husband whom she has married, but when told that he loves another she shows that she is human. The reader must discover for himself whether or not the two are reconciled, and what becomes of Flame of Frost. Like all famous gems with names, it is interesting at this moment when all the world watches to see what fortune the Koh-i-noor brings to its wearer's men as they fight on the battlefields of Europe. D. Appleton & Co.

Gertrude Atherton in "Perch of the Devil," has given the world a masterly portrait of an American woman and has given to mining in Montana the

full flavor of high romance. The book is a strangely effective combination of realism and idealism. Wherever human beings are concerned the attitude and treatment of the author are wholly modern. Characters and motives are seen in the cold, clear light of reason. The people of the story have few illusions about each other, any that they may have had are lost, and the reader also can regard them with admiration, even wonder, but absolutely without feeling. But as for the treasures under the earth, their lure and fascination is presented with a force that few accounts of western life have equalled. Ida Compton is a commanding figure, the story of her development from the crude daughter of a mining town to a great lady will not be forgotten in a season, but the mine which rivalled her in her husband's affection will also take first place in the interest of many readers. Mrs. Atherton's work places her in the foremost rank of American novelists. Frederick A. Stokes Company.

The novel-reader of the twentieth century, having learned rowing, criminology, statistics, and various other arts and sciences from his nursery library, almost expects them in novels, and "Phyllis," by Maria Thompson Daviess, will find grateful readers prepared to learn all that it can teach. Phyllis lives fifteen years with a sick mother and governesses and trained nurses, before her millionaire father purchases the Byrd mansion, and its hereditary owners move into a cottage built for the Byrd overseer in the good old days of slavery, when Byrdsville knew neither interloping millionaires nor their daughters. One faithful relic of that lamented time survives to cherish the remaining scions of the Byrd stock, Roxanne Byrd, and Lovelace Peyton Byrd, her little brother who is going to be a famous physician and is

learning his trade at the expense of worms and fowls unable to resist his prescriptions. Phyllis faithfully records the history of her adventures, and of her conquest of Byrdsville and the Byrds, under the direction of her father whose genius for strategy accounts for his millions. She personifies the volume containing the chronicle calling it "Leather Louise," and an amazing tale it is. She cleverly manoeuvres the town into affluence, while her father enriches everybody within his sphere of influence, and the curtain falls upon a reconstructed and happy Byrdsville marching towards prosperity with Phyllis and her future bridegroom heading the procession. Incidentally, the reader is told how to be happy though rich. Phyllis will go on her conquering way, even to mammoth editions. The Century Company.

Readers who were beguiled by the cheerful tale of "Martha-by-the-Day" and who followed the process of her "making-over" as told in a second story, will have a welcome ready for a third story "Martha and Cupid" (Henry Holt & Co.). Miss Julie M. Lippmann is to be congratulated upon the creation of so lovable a character. In this story, as the title suggests, Martha has certain sentimental experiences of her own. They culminate in marriage, but the story does not end there. The later chapters show in what temper and with what results Martha takes on the responsibilities of married life. She does not lose her sunny disposition or her generous heart. Nothing could be more characteristic of her than the giving away of the hundred dollars bestowed upon her by her employer for the expenses of her wedding, and with which she had expected to have "the time of her life." She gives all the money away, and has, in consequence, the simplest of weddings instead of the great display

for which she had planned, and she does it without a pang. She is still the sunny philosopher of the earlier stories and her sense of humor is unailing.

The horror of deep darkness which brooded over England in the days when witchcraft was accepted as a reality needing proof no more than the growth of grass or the running of water, is hardly to be realized in these times, but he who reads Miss Mary Johnston's "The Witch" will find his conception of it growing, growing, until the very flies that dance in the sunbeams seem flights of demons and safety is nowhere assured. As an historian, and as a dramatist, Miss Johnston has shown herself capable of working this spell, but never has she manifested more consummate mastery of the literary art than in her latest novel. Amid the loveliness of sylvan England, in its most beautiful villages, the supposed witch and wizard wander forlorn. They leave their beloved natal shores, and find peace among the savages of the islands north of the Caribbees. For four years they are happy and beloved givers of happiness and they call their little child "Hope." Then come the Spaniards and again the witch and her mate flee to England where the very sun that glorifies her beauty into something almost unearthly bears witness against her. Miss Johnston's crowning touch of art is to leave the fate of the witch uncertain, but she will live long in the reader's memory. Women such as Miss Johnston draws are real, as real as Scott's Rebecca or Shakespeare's Miranda. Nobly planned, they arouse noble thoughts. Houghton Mifflin Company.

Does Anne Douglas Sedgwick veil a little national allegory in "The Encounter"? Is it a mild warning that the "bird of our freedom . . . with wrath in each quill" may flutter all the dove-

cotes in Europe if disturbed in her peaceful eury by the squabbles of their inhabitants? They have little of which to boast as they retire from the fray, the various sons of the two-headed eagle who offer their affections and appurtenances at the shrine of the novel-reading and verse-writing American Persis, and microscopic is the consolation bestowed upon them by her mother, who, opining her daughter and herself to be the centre of the solar system, is comfortably indifferent as to what may happen to its other bodies, be they star, planet, or comet. The dainty little mother is more fortunate than the mythological mothers of beauties beloved by eagle-attended gods. Persis is wiser but equally virtuous at the end of the story. The men are wiser also, and if a shade sadder, a German girl rather prefers that her suitors should have a past, be it stormy or innocent. Perhaps Mrs. Basil de Selincourt, as Anne Douglas Sedgwick is called in private life, may find time to write another chapter of the young woman's history, and show how a son of Nippon or a sage of the Central Flowery Kingdom fares at her hands. The real American girl and matron are civilizing influences even in a novel. Daisy Miller is dead, poor little maiden, and the later American girl is quite equal to any encounter, especially if, like Persis, she have a tall melancholy Italian, wise in all that Paris and music can teach, to guide her. The Persis books should be an endless series. Bears and tigers and panthers and lions remain to be led in leash by the contemporary Una. The Century Company.

If it were the custom to photograph adult and responsible men and women at play, off their guard and totally free from seriousness and self-consciousness, as we have already learned to do with children, it would be easier

to find a comparison for Meredith Nicholson's "The Poet" (Houghton Mifflin Company). We possess a large gallery of sober-faced portraits of famous men, and even a few that are light in touch, but nothing quite like this,—a real, living man (we know that it must be the real man) set down in the midst of a whole novel-full of characters and made to reveal himself as he moves among them. And there is no one to whom the method could be more perfectly suited than to the most unobtrusive and the best-loved poet in America. For, although it is a part of the delicacy of Mr. Nicholson's method to leave his hero unnamed, no one could possibly mistake him for any other than James Whitcomb Riley of Indianapolis. There are no profound preliminaries: no dates, no genealogy, no authorial hems and hawings. The curtain simply rises on a children's party, and the Poet remarks quietly, "The lonesomeness of that little girl over there is becoming painful." His inquiries reveal the fact that her sadness is due to a broken home, and he discovers that the father and mother who are unable to agree to maintain it any longer are old friends of his. Half doubting the efficacy of his own philosophy of ideals and optimism in real life, he nevertheless attempts to apply it as a mender of hearts. The story of his success, and of the happiness which comes incidentally to others whom he involves in the plot, is too dainty to spoil by retelling. "The Poet" may not be one of those perfect things which appear in literature at long intervals, but at least one reviewer prefers to pass on to posterity the task of discovering its flaws,—and, having invoked the spirit of that mysterious generation, takes the opportunity to prophesy unto it that Mr. Nicholson will be one of those who, like Mr. Riley, grow old successfully.